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March 17, 1979 Price One Dollar

The Confederate Revolution

C. Vann Woodward

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TRB

from Washington
March 17, 1979

Bartered Brides

A Western Union mailgram brought melodrama into my humdrum life the other day. It was addressed "Dear Carrier stockholder" from board chairman Melvin C. Holm who warned me, in effect, that an elegant stranger was trying to alienate my affections and break up our happy corporate domesticity. Yes sir, the stranger was trying to merge with us. He was named "United Technologies." "I urge you to await further information," mailgrammed Mr. Holms. "Letter follows." How my heart fluttered.

The fact is that the greatest merger wave in history is now in full tide, and Senator Kennedy is holding hearings on it on Capitol Hill in a major anti-trust drive. But the problem has gone global. Where is the kids' game of Teddy Roosevelt's innocent, trust-busting days? It's enormously more complicated. Geographical: corporations are multinational now, for example, ITT helped the CIA overthrow Chile's Allende. (Its annual report says it works in 67 nations on six continents from the Arctic to the Antarctic, "from the bottom of the sea to the moon."

Political: the government itself is bigger and more centralized (as conservatives warn every day); so is big business. As US political parties decay, corporations throw their political weight around; the Supreme Court ruled corporations may send money to influence a referendum, (*First National Bank of Boston* v. *Bellotti*). You see Mobil's ideological advertisements every day on op-ed page advertisements. You learn that political action committees (PACs) are a proliferating vehicle for putting corporate stockholders' funds behind political candidates (as the trade unions have done on their side for years.)

Yes, and finally it's Philosophical: what's wrong with bigness anyway? Isn't US Steel more efficient than all those small steel companies that went into it? What's wrong if Mobil acquires Montgomery Ward; or Gulf the New York Knickerbockers; or ITT swallows Sheraton? There's another worry: is the country propelled toward an amalgamation of government and corporate power, in the energy shortage, for example, with Sunday shut-downs and gasoline rationing? Can a free market economy be preserved in the years ahead with a decline of finite global resources? It's becoming a very strange world indeed.

Don't think this is just on paper. Take the curious mating dance of United Technologies in front of Mr. Melvin Holm's demure Carrier Corporation. United is a flashy conglomerate making helicopters, Otis elevators and things like that. Its net worth is an awe-inspiring billion and a half. It cast a lustful eye on Carrier—by no means a village innocent—which manufactures air conditioners, printing inks, auto paints and oddments like that: net worth a mere $600 million. But one can be poor and virtuous, can't one? Mr. Holm's letter, when it reached me, said the merger "clearly violates federal anti-trust laws," and he told me the Justice Department thought so, too, "and has sued to halt the merger."

Unfortunately, though, the courts didn't agree. The issue is still in litigation, the union not consummated. Anti-trust laws were supposed to protect competition and the free market economy. But United Technologies and Carrier don't make the same things; they don't compete. Neither do NBC and the Hertz car company, both of which are owned by RCA, nor any of the other strange conglomerate mergers going on across the country.

In 1972 these mergers involved acquisition of assets of less than $1.5 billion. By 1977 the total value of conglomerate mergers and acquisitions was nearly six billion dollars. "The effect of such mergers on industrial concentration has been dramatic," says Senator Kennedy. Federal Trade Commission chairman Pertschuk notes a move toward "unrestrained conglomeration." He points to the 200 largest manufacturing firms. They increased their share of US industry from 45 percent at the end of World War II to 60 percent today. Talk about concentration! Back in 1960 the 450 major firms controlled about 50 percent of the nation's manufacturing assets and took in 59 percent of the profits. Today it is around 70 percent control, and 72 percent of all profits. They are connected by interlocking bank directors. How far will it go?

When Senator Sherman beat his chest on the Senate floor in 1890, he argued that great industrial consolidations are inherently undesirable. So did his successors, Congressman Clayton, Estes Kefauver, Emanuel Celler, down to Kennedy himself. Kennedy wants to amend the anti-trust act to outlaw these new conglomerate mergers. The FTC wept to see Mobil join Montgomery Ward outside the connubial rites of Sherman and Clayton. Mobil is a nice little property worth around nine billion dollars. The FTC couldn't forbid the bans. Then Mobil added the Container Corporation of America to its harem.

Liberals placed faith in the government to halt corporate bigness, and conservatives shortly noted that government itself was getting big. Paul L. Joffee, Washington student of the subject, recalls the theory of competition: it is supposed to preserve freedom of economic choice, and hence democracy. But can it be done, asks economist and former presidential adviser Walt Rostow (in his 1978 book, *Getting From Here to There*) if impending natural resource shortages require centrally planned allocation?

Currently the cheap dollar, depressed stock prices and liquidity of vast oil companies make takeovers irresistible for cash-rich conglomerates. It's a big nuptial market, however the brides feel about it. In Europe, governments control these things; in England any acquisition over $15 million or so may be referred to the Monopolies Commission. Here the law is slow. Trials average eight years. An anti-trust suit against IBM is about half through; it began in 1969. And an earlier IBM case took 27 years.

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Correspondence

The boat people reconsidered

To the editors:

Michael Walzer's "The Moral Problems of Refugees" (*TNR*, February 10) suffers from an insufficiency of facts and narrowness of focus. The boat people of Vietnam, he tells us, are our exclusive responsibility—we should receive them all. Why? Because they either worked with us or the government we supported, or they shaped their lives according to "the contours of the American presence." This greatly simplified the problem, but it invites other questions. What does it say to the "land people" (more than 140,000 refugees in Thai camps) who have fled from Laos, where we also employed and fostered an economy for two decades, and from Cambodia, where we worked with Lon Nol's government against the Khmer Rouge. Should not these refugees have equal claim on immediate entry to the USA, or is it simply the maritime mode of exit, or its recentness, that creates such a claim?

Walzer apparently grows weary of "haggling" over degrees of US relationship among the Vietnamese refugees. He seems to say that they are special because the scale of US involvement was so great in Vietnam. Yet a substantial portion of the boat people seem to be ethnic Chinese families pressed out by the Vietnamese government (often after extortion) under a policy that quite antedates our war. Would not China be a more appropriate haven for them than the USA? If boatloads of refugees wish to land in states adjacent to Vietnam does regional proximity bear no relevance in searching for solutions? Walzer approves of the regional solution applied by India to East Pakistan's persecution of its Bengali population in 1971. Yet India's remedial action (with Soviet backing) against a "barbaric government" from which "millions were fleeing" is a prototype for Vietnam's invasion of Democratic Kampuchea which only the Soviet bloc has been willing to endorse. Does Walzer approve the Vietnamese invasion, or does he again perceive a difference of scale, in that only thousands, not millions were fleeing Pol Pot's regime?

What if former cadres of the Pol Pot regime itself should finally seek refuge from the Vietnamese invaders? Walzer would probably see no special US obligation toward them because their previous relationship to us was neither substantial nor friendly. The State Department seems to be keeping such factors in mind in establishing categories among the Indochina refugees. Such distinctions are reasonable, and they keep the door open for other states to join in carrying the international burden of refugees of all kinds.

MacAlister Brown
Williamstown, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Michael Walzer's call for acceptance of the Vietnamese "boat people" into the US must be expanded to include the victims of right-wing military regimes in Latin America. While hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese have been granted refuge in the US, the Carter administration's Hemispheric Parole Program seeks to bring 500 political detainees and their dependents from Argentina and Chile to the US by 1980. As of December, four had been admitted.

The Argentine constitution permits imprisoned political detainees to seek exile. The Council of Hemispheric Affairs in Washington, DC annually presents the State Department with a list of victims of Argentine political repression seeking exile. This month they presented 18,000 names, including those of 600 Argentine Jews with relatives in Israel. Spain, Mexico, Belgium, Canada and Israel have given asylum to thousands of Argentines, putting us to shame.

The US has always served as a haven for right-wing refugees. Left-wing victims of governments supported by the US deserve at least as much.

Jon Wiener
Pacific Palisades, California

On the virtues of moderation

To the editors:

In the Washington Diarist ("Moderation *is* a Virtue," *TNR*, February 10), Mr. Kondracke looks with considerable disfavor on the "bloody-minded," militant constituents of both the Right to Life as well as the Pro-Abortion movement. The former, "in defense of biological 'life,' would declare it murder to eliminate even a microscopic fetus," while the latter "would avert its eyes while mothers do away with ninth-month unborn babies." Mr. Kondracke, the "suffering" champion of moderation, asks "Why can't there be a middle ground?"

At this question I am reminded of the scene from Dante's *Inferno* where the wretched souls, assailed by wasps and hornets and shrieking in agony and despair, pursue a wavering banner that forever runs before them. They are "the nearly soulless whose lives concluded neither blame nor praise."

With this in mind, I would offer the following in response to Mr. Kondracke's question. Between the two most basic moral ethical choices, i.e., life-death, there exists no "middle ground." The choices available are three: life, death, or the tenuous limbo of moral abstention.

Finally, I would ask Mr. Kondracke to look deeply in his mind's eye and consider the inscription on the "wavering banner" that the souls in Dante's Hell so desperately pursue. It reads: "Moderation."

Tim Kidwell
Clayton, Missouri

Getting Marx straight

To the editors:

When a thinker such as Marx has been interpreted over and over again, and when that thinker has made the reinterpretation of his or her thought a crucial element of the ism that this thought has become, it is virtually impossible to learn just what version of that thinker's thought is supposed to be understood as indeed his or her thought. This is my trouble with Marx and the Marxists, and Michael Harrington's review of Leszek Kolakowski's *Main Currents of Marxism* (*TNR*, February 3) hasn't managed to help me clear matters up. It seems to me that when interpretation has become central to a point of view, the matter may well come down to *trust*. Marxists who insist on remaining Marxists in the face of the horrors that have occurred in Marx's name all ask for our trust, nothing less. We on the outside obviously couldn't get Marx straight, otherwise we wouldn't be on the outside. So only someone from the inside has gotten Marx straight. Michael Harrington claims he, not Leszek Kolakowski, has gotten Marx straight. How can we on the outside check this out?

At one point Harrington says that

(continued on page 38)

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Cover: Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara, tending the soldiers in a scene from Gone With the Wind. *Photo courtesy of MGM. Article on page 25.*

Contents

TRB from Washington	3	Bartered Brides
	5	Correspondence
Comment	7	The Only Game in Town
Morton Kondracke	8	The Skittish Saudis
Stephen Chapman	12	The Booze Bureau
Ken Bode	13	Texas on a Platter
Lawrence H. Tribe	14	Goldwater v. Carter
Basil Talbott Jr.	16	Machine Woman
John Taft	19	Grey Eminences, X: A Diplomat for the Eighties
		ARTS AND LIVES
Stanley Kauffmann	24	Films: Well-Organized Labor
		Books Considered
C. Vann Woodward	25	*The Confederate Nation, 1861-1865*
David Kahn	28	*Ultra Goes to War* by Ronald Lewin *Piercing the Reich* by Joseph E. Persico
Allen Grossman	30	Poem: "The Room"
Priscilla J. McMillan	31	*Turgenev* by Leonard Schapiro
David Pryce-Jones	33	*Arab Politics* by Michael C. Hudson
Jack Beatty	35	*Why Catholic?* edited by John J. Delaney
	37	Brief Reviews: *Co-ops, Communes, & Collectives* edited by John Case and Rosemary C.R. Taylor *Defending My Enemy* by Aryeh Neier
Washington Diarist	42	Reconsiderations

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 17, 1979

The Only Game in Town

The sudden movement in Middle East diplomacy has cut across *TNR*'s publication schedule, and comment is difficult. President Carter's decision to visit Egypt and Israel seems to us a wise one—though we are hardly in a position to judge the risks involved. Slow progress is not a common feature of international politics in the Middle East. Instead, there are long and bitter stalemates interrupted by bursts of energy and inspiration. For some months now, it has been clear that a peace treaty between Israel and Egypt waited only on some minimal display of American skill and determination. Now that has come, or so it seems, and it has come with all the seemingly necessary drama.

We can make only a few points. First of all, if the diplomatic advance promised by the Carter trip is to be made permanent, it will require American staying power. Egypt's isolation in the Arab world will, we believe, be temporary, but for the moment it is real enough. Israel's security problems always have been real. Both countries require American economic and political support. No doubt the United States cannot solve the frightening problems of Egypt's economy or even the more manageable problems of Israel's economy, simply by throwing money at them. But some carefully thought-through plans to improve Egyptian growth rates and slow down Israeli inflation rates are called for, and implementation will be expensive. Political support has other costs, for Egyptian and Israeli (and Jordanian and Saudi) perceptions of its value depend in important ways on the American ability to deploy military force in the Middle East. Whether that force actually *should* be deployed is another question, which we will not take up now. Certainly there is every reason to be cautious. But here, as in other spheres of political life, the ability to do something may be the key to not having to do it. The Carter trip has produced much talk about new military alliances, bases in Egypt and Israel, and so on—most of it loose talk. But it is clear that some degree of American strength, calculable and reliable, is the precondition for Egyptian and Israeli risk-taking.

It is important to stress, secondly, that the next stage in the peace process will be harder than this one. The development of an autonomous "authority" on the West Bank depends, first, on a good faith effort by Israel, and it is by no means clear that the Begin government, as it is presently constituted, is capable of such good faith. And it depends, secondly, on some degree of Arab cooperation. The Palestinian hostility has intensified in the months since Camp David; the Syrian-Iraqi rapprochement has made the Israeli Eastern front more dangerous; Jordan and the Saudis continue to hang back; the Iranian revolution has made everyone more wary. For all these reasons, it might be wise to explore in detail Egypt's proposal to move toward autonomy first in the Gaza Strip. Israeli-Egyptian cooperation in Gaza might serve as a model for Israeli-Jordanian cooperation on the West Bank. That pattern would make it easier to work out the exact meaning of autonomy, at present radically undetermined, and it might also establish the most stable framework for the complex negotiations over territory and security that will one day be necessary.

Finally, a word about the initial PLO response to the announcement of Carter's trip. That it was vitriolic goes without saying: the trip foreshadowed Sadat's betrayal of the Arab cause, we were told, and it represented an explicit American endorsement of Israeli expansionism. In fact, however, the Israeli-Egyptian treaty, if it is signed, will produce a total Israeli

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withdrawal from the Sinai, and it will open the way for free elections on the West Bank. Where else in the Arab world are free elections possible? Since PLO supporters are likely to win such elections if they participate in them, the present stand by the organization is a clear statement that such a victory is not what its leaders have in mind. They are playing for higher stakes. They remain, self-destructively, committed to Israel's destruction. The best possible result of Carter's new initiative would be to make it clear to them and to the Arab states who subsidize their terrorist operations that the Camp David peace process is, in the old phrase, "the only game in town." An overall settlement, dictated by the most intransigent parties, is no longer on the agenda. The Americans have opted decisively for a gradualist and moderate solution, a new version of step-by-step. Once that is clear, and a treaty signed, the Middle East will begin (it is still only a beginning) to look like a different place.

No more talk of a "special relationship."

The Skittish Saudis

Almost exactly a year ago, the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia was doing everything it could to demonstrate friendship, solidarity and—as they used to call it—"interdependence" with the United States. In expensive newspaper and newsmagazine advertising supplements, the Saudis declared we had "A Special Relationship," implying that our connections were becoming equal to traditional US-Israeli ties. Yes, the Saudis wanted to buy F-15 jets, it was said, but we had deeper common interests, too. Oil, investments, economic development, the health of the world economy, anti-communism, anti-radicalism, peace—all these were bonds destined to unite our people, and the happy prospect was to be sealed by the increasing numbers of Saudis visiting and studying in the United States, and Americans working and helping in Saudi Arabia. The prospect of close Saudi-US ties provoked Israel and its US supporters to put up a furious struggle to block the F-15 sale.

This year, the era of clasped hands seems forgotten. The US-Saudi relationship is at arm's length, and seems to be getting more distant all the time. Instead of supporting the US and helping to weld a solid peace front behind the Camp David settlement, the Saudis joined the radical Arab rejectionists at Baghdad in denouncing the pact. The Saudis haven't stopped supplying Egypt's Sadat with financial aid, but they haven't given him any encouragement in his peacemaking, either. The Saudis seem to have exerted little effective influence to hold down OPEC oil price increases late last year. They did substantially increase oil production in response to the Iranian shut-off, but they have let production slip back lately and are charging premium prices for the extra barrels they pump as a "favor" to the West.

The Saudis have been deeply critical of what they see as the US's failure to save the shah of Iran, although they do not say what the US could or should have done in his behalf. "Kissinger in spades" is how one administration official characterized the Saudi stance after recent conversations. Of late, the Saudis even have dropped customary subtlety to get the message across that their relationship with the US is no embrace. Crown Prince Fahd canceled a scheduled visit to the US, and when the US tried to make health excuses for him, he appeared with Queen Elizabeth to demonstrate that his disease was only diplomatic. Most bluntly of all, the Saudi foreign minister, Prince Saud al Faisal, said recently that his country might establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, about whose advances in the Mideast region

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the Saudis heretofore have been almost frantic. Reports also are circulating that the Saudis may even start selling oil to the Soviets.

The Saudi performance is seen in some quarters as perfidy. Senator Frank Church suggests a thorough review of US-Saudi relations, including the F-15 sale, as a way of forcing Saudi support for US initiatives in the Middle East. US State Department officials, while deploring that suggestion, confess disappointment that the Saudis have been unwilling to join a pro-Western bloc in the Middle East. Others think the Saudis are scared, and still others say they are confused.

Lately, some US officials have decided the problem is that Americans have been looking at the Saudis in the wrong way. Instead of a covert superpower which can "deliver" the Arab world for or against peace, they say, Saudi Arabia actually is a weak, backward, vulnerable and frightened land which wants nothing more than to pump oil, stay alive and pray. It is, said one official, "a country of five million people, of whom about 40,000 males live in the 20th century and which has a cadre of maybe 23 people who actually know how to make things run. They have fabulous amounts of money, but no power. The Palestinians won't do as they want, the Jordanians won't and Egypt certainly won't." The Carter administration was wedded to the "powerful Arabia" theory until after the Camp David summit. Now it seems to have revised its views. The administration apparently plans to proceed toward peace between Egypt and Israel regardless of Saudi opinions, and to bolster US-Saudi relations separately by increasing US arms sales and military activity in the region. President Carter's trip to the Middle East and the simultaneous voyage of the US carrier *Constellation* toward the Indian Ocean are demonstrations of this two-track policy. The Saudis are not happy with either track.

Experienced observers say that the Saudis see many troubles approaching, and that their behavior toward the United States is an updated version of the Bedouin tactic of fading into the desert until danger passes. Whereas an Egypt-Israel peace treaty will be greeted with joy in the United States, the Saudis apparently see it as a threat, especially if it contains no guarantee that the Palestinian problem will be solved. The Saudis expect a separate peace to produce increased Arab radicalism, possibly leading to the toppling of Sadat or attacks on Saudi Arabia's own oil fields. Sadat has been able to stay in power by convincing his poverty-striken countrymen that peace will bring prosperity. There is every reason to expect the worst if he cannot deliver

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prosperity after peace. It seems highly unlikely that American taxpayers ever would approve expenditure of the billions, probably tens of billions, that Egypt needs. The Saudis have been putting about $1.8 billion a year into Egypt's decrepit economy. If a separate peace leads the Arab world to isolate Sadat entirely, the Saudis might feel pressured into cutting Egypt off.

Wherever the Saudis look, they see turmoil, which they do not like. Iran is the obvious case. Not only has another Middle East kingdom toppled, but now there is an alliance between religious fundamentalists under Khomeini and radical leftist secularists, as represented by the PLO and Yassir Arafat. Iraq and Syria, radical and pro-Soviet, are settling their differences. As *Newsweek*'s Arnaud de Borchgrave noted last week, the leader of Al Saiqa, the Syrian-based Palestinian force, claimed that the shah's overthrow had "brought nearer the hour of salvation from his partners in treason"—meaning Sadat, the King of Morocco, the Sultan of Oman and, presumably, the House of Saud. The second track of US policy is based on forging an alliance of pro-Western countries in the region, supplying them with arms and increasing the US military presence in the area. But the Saudis think the greater danger might come from a kind of osmosis of radicalism throughout the area, which the US will be unable to stop. The Saudis are worried that it will infect the thousands of foreigners it and other Gulf kingdoms import to make up for their labor shortages. Perhaps it could even afflict members of the Saudi elite, who now seem comfortably bought off with oil wealth.

South Yemen's attack on North Yemen is another grave danger to Saudi Arabia, but not in terms that most Americans understand. The US is taking the opportunity of the attacks, almost gleefully, to "draw the line" against Soviet encroachment in the area. Unlike Angola, Afghanistan, Ethiopia and elsewhere, where Soviets and Cubans have moved in by stealth or invitation, Yemen is seen by US officials as a clear case of aggressive border-crossing. Saudi Arabia asked for—and got—US military aid for North Yemen, and also got permission to use US-supplied Saudi weaponry to defend North Yemen. But it is not so clear that Saudi Arabia wanted the *Constellation* to come sailing into the area. The administration did not consult the Saudis before dispatching it. One source close to the Saudis called the decision "a Mayaguez without bullets," and anticipated that it would complicate—rather than improve—US-Saudi relations.

Such assertions mystify and anger US officials, who claim that the Saudis either want it both ways, or don't know what they want at all. "They seem to want us to do things for them—though they don't say what—but not tell anyone about it," said one administration official. "But you can't do that sort of thing in this world." The Saudi view seems to be that the US, by openly sailing to Saudi Arabia's defense and by talking of joint regional security arrangements, is again attempting to carve the Arab world into blocs. To the Saudis, experts say, this is an invitation to the sort of disaster that befell the royal houses of Libya and Iraq as a result of John Foster Dulles's attempts to fashion an anti-communist alliance in the 1950s with the Baghdad Pact. Iran, say the Saudis, is proof that the danger to the Middle East is not so much Soviet-inspired and subject to US protective action, as *internal*, part of the interplay of cultural, religious and political factors within the region. The US has made it clear that it cannot and will not try to protect countries against internal unrest. "As the Saudis see it," said one expert, "the US umbrella isn't much good to them. The danger is something that's coming up under the umbrella."

As a result, the Saudis are loosening their "special relationship" with the United States. They did not reject the idea of a US air base on their territory during Defense Secretary Harold Brown's recent visit, because Brown didn't offer it. It is clear, though, that they don't want such close identification with us. The administration apparently plans, instead, to keep increased numbers of naval vessels in the Indian Ocean. It is considering, as a political statement to the countries along its shores, creating a numbered Indian Ocean fleet—to compare with the Sixth and Seventh fleets in other oceans. The administration apparently also intends to increase port calls by US ships and fly-ins by airplanes to demonstrate concern for the area. It's not clear what the Saudis think of these proposals, but for the time being they seem to favor a lower US profile, rather than a higher one. Meanwhile, they are trying to cozy up to their fellow Arabs—they have even been meeting with South Yemen radicals—and trying to accommodate the Soviets.

The US also may be erring in heavy-handedly courting Crown Prince Fahd, believed to be a pro-US "modernizer" (which means oil-pumper) and ignoring younger, well-educated princes who favor prudent development of Saudi oil reserves. Picking "our guy" and slighting rival groups is a mistake the United States made in Iran, to everyone's deep regret.

It is not in the nature of Americans to see things the Saudi way. The complexities of inter-Arab maneuver, the dynamics of inter-Arab equilibrium, probably will always escape us. We look at Saudi Arabia as our oil well. We want to protect it, and the only way we seem to know how is with aircraft carriers and weapons supplies. We may be able to stem the tide of radicalism, which also benefits the Soviet Union, by trying to insure that an Egypt-Israel peace leads to a peace for the Palestinian people, too. We can also practice broad-based diplomacy in Saudi Arabia, courting the future leaders as well as present ones. Beyond that, however, Americans have few answers and the Saudis, if they have any, are not making them clear.

Morton Kondracke

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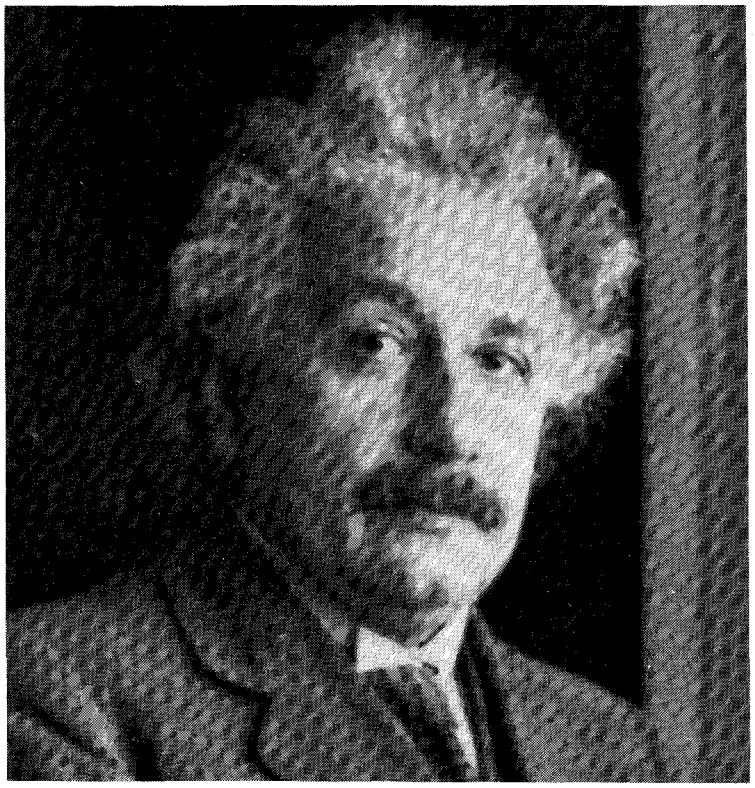

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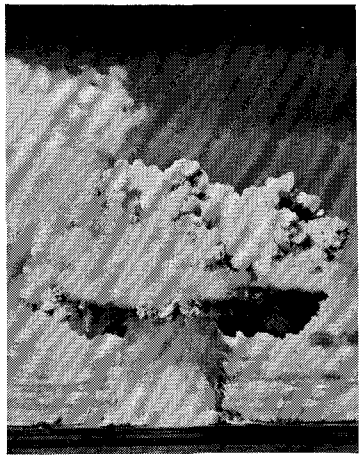

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An obscure federal agency thwarts the FTC.

The Booze Bureau

Shortly after he became chairman of the Federal Trade Commission in April 1977, Michael Pertschuk began suggesting publicly that companies should use more comparative advertising. This idea had long been popular around the FTC, but Pertschuk was the first chairman to make it a priority. The FTC had started encouraging comparative ads in 1972, on the grounds that discouraging them amounted to a restraint of trade—something the FTC is supposed to prevent. This new attitude opened new doors to advertisers. In past years, for example, they had been effectively kept from broadcasting comparative television ads because CBS and ABC refused to accept them. The FTC let the networks know that such refusals henceforth carried the risk of lawsuits. The networks complied, and comparative advertising began to flourish. Nowadays, *Fortune* magazine reports, one of every 10 commercials features a claim that one product is better or cheaper than its rivals.

About the time Pertschuk was taking over the FTC, interesting things were happening in the American wine industry. Coca-Cola, the world's biggest soft-drink company, bought the Taylor Wine Company in early 1977 for $93 million, its first venture into alcoholic beverages. At the time Taylor, a New York firm which sold mostly on the East Coast, was the nation's sixth largest winery. But it had not been able to exploit the 1970s boom in wine drinking. While other wine companies were cashing in on the trend among young adults away from hard liquor and toward lighter drinks like wine, Taylor stagnated. Coke decided drastic action was in order. It bought two new wineries in California and promised to build a new "showplace" vineyard in the Napa Valley. Most important, Coke introduced a new line called Taylor California Cellars. People in the wine and advertising industries thought this decision was brilliant. In competing with California wineries, Taylor had been hampered outside the East by its regional image. "Getting Taylor and California on the same label was a merchandising master stroke," one California wine producer told the *Los Angeles Times*. "In the east and the midwest it will be seen as the best of both worlds."

Coming:

Carter's Human Rights Successes.

The new label raised hackles among the California wineries, which had been irritated by Coke's entrance into a traditionally high-minded and fraternal industry. But things were just starting to heat up. Coca-Cola next commissioned a taste test by the National Consumer Testing Institute, an unaffiliated private group. The purpose was to compare the new California Cellars wine with several other domestic brands in roughly the same price range (about two to three dollars for a regular-sized bottle). The rival wines included chablis, rosés, rhines and burgundies produced by Almaden, Iglenook, Sebastiani and C.K. Mondavi, some of Taylor's principal competitors. (Coke says Gallo, the biggest wine producer in the world, wasn't included because it aims at a lower-quality discount market.) Coke says the test was a gamble, since if its new wine had done poorly, word might have gotten out. But when the results were in, Taylor's new line had won the rosé, rhine and burgundy divisions and placed second behind Inglenook in the chablis. Coca-Cola launched a $1.5 million ad blitz in California and the East, trumpeting the results.

Taylor's rivals, who had never been faced with this sort of threat before, squawked indignantly. One fastidious winemaker complained that the ads were "wholly inappropriate to the wine business"; another said the campaign "shoots the camaraderie of the industry all to hell." A spokesman for the National Distillers, which markets Almaden, warned ominously of an impending "era of laundry bleach and detergent advertising," and the company threatened Coke with a lawsuit. Almaden had special reason to resent the ads. Although it holds the biggest share of the market Taylor has aimed at, Almaden's wines came off badly in the taste test: third in chablis and rhine, fourth in rosé, last in burgundy. Taylor went on to add injury to insult: sales of the new label quickly picked up, and soon the company was projecting a quadrupling of sales in 1979.

Coca-Cola's real problems lay not with their angry competitors, but with the federal government. In running the ads it violated a long-standing prohibition on ads for alcoholic beverages using taste tests and other comparisons that are "disparaging" to competitors. This ban is enforced by an obscure federal agency called the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. ATF began as part of the Internal Revenue Service, charged with collecting liquor taxes and catching moonshiners; in 1935 it got responsibility for federal regulation of alcohol and tobacco. It acquired new duties with the passage of the first federal gun control act in 1968. Over the years the bureau has intruded into a bewildering variety of areas. ATF's empire-building has led it into such unlikely responsibilities as promoting the development of "gasohol," licensing explosives manufacturers, and warning of the dangers of alcohol to fetuses. Something of a bureaucratic backwater, ATF has clung to its rules on liquor advertising in spite of cajoling from the FTC,

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which is trying to encourage exactly the opposite policy in every other field of advertising.

(In addition to ATF's regulations, advertisers of liquor, wine and beer have to comply with strict rules imposed by the broadcasting industry. These rules, among other things, forbid television ads for liquor and ads showing someone actually drinking an alcoholic beverage. That's why at Miller time you only see the boys at the bar hoisting their mugs of beer and never see them swallowing any of it. The reasons for this rule are obscure.)

Coke had tried to avoid problems with the ATF bureau. Last summer it sent representatives to Washington to try to get the ads "precleared," but had no luck. ATF spokesman Bob Maxwell said the agency refused because it considers taste tests "subjective and potentially misleading." Coke than asked a federal district judge in Washington to enjoin the bureau from taking any action against the ads, but the judge dismissed the case because it was "not ripe for legal review," since the ads had not yet been run. In its arguments before the judge, ATF seemed to be saying that it objected only to deceptive ads, and not to taste tests as such. So Coke decided to go ahead and run the ads starting at the end of September. The FTC, which in August had asked ATF to adopt a more liberal reading of the legal prohibition on ads that disparage competitors, kept mum this time. In November ATF wrote Taylor raising eight "problems" and implicitly threatening action that could lead to a fine or, most dreaded of all, suspension of Taylor's federal permit to sell wine. In a matter of days, Coke withdrew the ads. ATF refuses to make public the letter to Taylor or to discuss the case, but the replies submitted by Coke to its criticisms betray the weakness of the agency's case. ATF quibbled about the wine tasters; Coke said they were members of the San Francisco Vintners Club and that each had at least 12 years' experience in wine tasting. ATF expressed doubts about the test's methodology; Coke defended it and noted that the agency doesn't object to "advertised references to medals won at expositions such as the Los Angeles County Fair" where "judges often have a financial stake in wines they are judging." ATF complained that a test might be unfair because different batches of wine may vary in quality; Coke retorted that this reflected only on "its competitors' inability or unwillingness to sell the consumer a product of consistent quality." ATF's Maxwell says Coke's rebuttal "raised some valuable points and clarified some others," but the agency is continuing its investigation to decide if it should penalize Coke for the ads.

In its letter Coke also asked ATF to finally draw up some clear guidelines for taste-test ads and said that otherwise it would resume its campaign. About the only gratifying result to come of this scrap is the agency's belated decision to start drawing up rules. Coke originally said it would continue its "suspension" of the ads if ATF did so; now the company says the ads have been "permanently shelved." Instead of taste-test results, Taylor is now running comparatively innocuous ads featuring endorsements from noted wine experts.

What else has been gained? Well, ATF got the chance to flex its muscles, thus reminding everyone with a federal alcohol permit just who's boss. Almaden, Inglenook, Sebastiani, and C. K. Mondavi got some welcome protection against an aggressive new rival. Only Coke and the nation's consumers lost out, and ATF thinks shortchanging them is a small price to pay.

Stephen Chapman

For Connally, with all the fixin's.

Texas on a Platter

Bill Hobby and Bill Clayton are Tory Democrats in Texas with a problem. How they solve it could have a major impact on who the Republicans nominate for president in 1980. Hobby is the lieutenant governor and Clayton is Speaker of the House of Representatives. Together they have a lot to say about whatever comes out of the Texas legislature. Their problem is that they must fashion a new presidential primary for Texas, the old law having lapsed, and they are not gentlemen who relish political risk and uncertainty.

Texas politicians have a longstanding habit of deciding how they'd like things to come out, then fiddling with the election laws accordingly. Back in the 1950s, for example, when Democratic Governor Allan Shivers wanted to carry Texas for Eisenhower and still retain Democratic control statewide, he simply arranged to have all his candidates cross-file—in effect, they ran in both parties at the same time. It worked just fine.

When Senator Lyndon Johnson found himself up for reelection at home at the same time he was running for president nationwide in 1960, he just contrived to have the primary date moved from mid-summer back to late spring, so that he could go to the national Democratic convention with his Senate nomination locked up.

In 1976, you may recall, Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen had presidential aspirations. He wanted to carry his home state, of course, so he dreamed up a primary system designed to produce a delegation comprised of most of the Texas Democratic establishment, with

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himself at the head. That didn't work. By the time Texas rolled around, Bentsen was washed up and Jimmy Carter swept the state, leaving Senator Bentsen and most of his friends behind to watch the convention on television.

One of the things complicating Hobby's and Clayton's task is that Texas has an "open primary," and no one is interested in changing this. Voters needn't register their party affiliation in advance, and may vote in any party primary they wish. For decades, the conservative, majority faction of Democrats has depended on the crossover votes of "November Republicans" to dominate their primary and help them to control the state. In 1976 Texas Democratic leaders learned that it can work the other way; with no serious contest in their own party, conservative Democrats defected in droves to cast their ballots in the Republican Ford-Reagan race, where they could make a difference. With the aid of these crossover Democrats, Reagan swept every county, every district, every delegate, and resurrected his flagging national campaign.

This time, Texas has two homestate presidential aspirants, George Bush and John Connally, both Republicans. Then there's Reagan, who still has obvious grassroots strength. So one aspect of the future can be seen clearly: the 1980 Texas presidential primary will again be a donnybrook on the *Republican* side. Hobby and Clayton understand that if conservative Democrats are drained off by both Reagan and Connally, Tory Democrat legislators running in the same primary will be in serious danger of upsets by Democratic liberals. If the potential Ted Kennedy challenge to President Carter actually materializes, the result could even be worse. The Kennedy name would be like a magnet to the approximately one million eligible chicanos. They would flood the Democratic primary and swell the liberal tide. Well, you see the problem.

It has occurred to the Democratic leaders that one way to protect their conservative flanks might be to jigger the rules in an entirely new fashion. They're thinking they might split the primaries: move the Texas *presidential* primary up to early March (making it the second or third in the nation), then holding a separate primary for state offices at the regular time in May. Conservatives could vote in the Republican presidential primary in March, and still help their favorite Democrats in the party primaries for state office in May.

If this plan comes off—and although Hobby and Clayton are powerful men, it faces significant opposition—the beneficiary will be John Connally. By starting at home in Texas, Connally gets his best chance of knocking out the frontrunner, Ronald Reagan, early. If he beats Reagan, he's on his way; if not, he's had his best shot, and at least he wasn't done in up north in New Hampshire, Massachusetts or Wisconsin.

Connally still claims many friends in the Texas Democratic establishment, but he says he has nothing to do with the move for an early presidential primary. Nevertheless, he is campaigning around the state as if he needed to become better known, or as if the date had already been moved up. Last week he managed to hold press conferences, rallies or dinners in 22 Texas cities.

This one-time splitting of the primaries will cost the taxpayers of Texas something between $1.8 million and four million dollars. House Speaker Clayton says he really doesn't care about that, nor does he care who is president. The important thing to him, he says, is to keep Texas in conservative hands. To do that, four million dollars is cheap. Trouble is, it's getting more difficult all the time to fix the rules to get the outcomes you want.

Ken Bode

A constitutional red herring.

Goldwater v. Carter

Senator Barry Goldwater is suing President Carter over Carter's termination of our mutual defense treaty with the Republic of China on Taiwan. He claims that the Constitution required Carter to secure the Senate's consent before acting. The treaty itself says it can be terminated by either party on one year's notice, and says nothing about any congressional role. Future events will determine whether the president acted wisely in terminating the treaty, but the constitutionality of his action cannot seriously be doubted.

The treaty-making clause in the Constitution requires the president to obtain Senate consent before involving the nation in "foreign entanglements." The framers believed there should be some restraint on the president's ability to tie the nation's hands in its dealings with other sovereign powers. But there is no need for similar concern about a presidential decision to avoid foreign entanglements, or to terminate a formal commitment by action consistent with its terms. The framers accordingly required no congressional role.

To be sure, the text of the Constitution is silent on this question, and no court ever has squarely confronted it. Moreover, the historical precedents are contradictory and scholarly opinion on the subject is not unanimous. Nevertheless, compelling constitutional principles point to a decision for the president in the case of *Goldwater* v. *Carter*.

When the United States severed diplomatic relations

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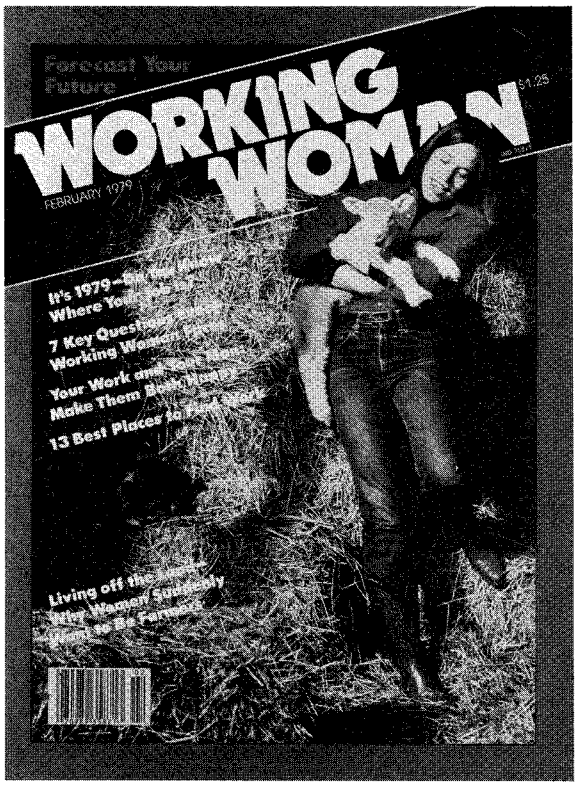

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with Taiwan and established diplomatic relations with Peking, the US took the position that our many treaties and agreements with the government on Taiwan did not "shift" to Peking or lapse, but instead would remain in effect until replaced by new arrangements with the authorities on Taiwan.

This position is a novel one. When other countries have ended relations with Taiwan and established relations with Peking, it has been understood that Peking could either take over existing agreements between those governments and Taiwan, or renounce them—thus causing them to lapse. Because Peking has never recognized the legitimacy of the Taiwan government, it has refused to take over Taiwan's treaties and agreements with other countries.

Despite the unorthodoxy of the US position, Peking was willing to go along with us if we accommodated them by terminating one pact they considered utterly incompatible with normalization—the US-Republic of China Mutual Defense Treaty. If the US had followed the path of other countries that have normalized relations with Peking, this treaty simply would have lapsed without special action by the president. In this case, Goldwater could not have challenged the end of the mutual defense treaty in court because the president has exclusive and undoubted power under the Constitution to recognize and de-recognize governments. Goldwater is seeking a constitutional rule that would force the president to conduct foreign policy with a meat-axe when a scalpel would do.

The Constitution requires no such result. Indeed, the very fact that the Constitution does not prescribe a mode of treaty termination suggests that the framers did not think any one mode appropriate in all cases, and therefore left the matter to be resolved in light of the particular circumstances of each situation.

The subject of a particular treaty, for example, could be a relevant factor. When a treaty creates private rights, it closely resembles the sort of law that cannot be repealed except by Congress. Thus, when the termination of a commercial treaty is at issue, the case for mandatory congressional involvement is stronger than when the fate of a defense pact is involved. In terminating a commercial treaty, the president is substituting one set of private rights for another—in the domestic context, a legislative function. The termination of a defense arrangement, by contrast, ordinarily leaves private rights intact and merely disentangles the nation from certain inter-sovereign obligations.

The conditions originally attached to a treaty's ratification may be even more germane. Congress could have expressly conditioned its ratification of the US-ROC Mutual Defense Treaty on the president's agreement to obtain congressional approval before terminating the treaty, but Congress did not do so.

By fixing no one method for terminating a treaty, the framers may well have thought that the balance of political forces should influence the method of termination. If the president sensed that his unilateral termination of a treaty might be too controversial or divisive, he could seek prior congressional approval. If the president felt no need for such additional support, he could act alone.

Goldwater v. *Carter* is not a test of the imperial presidency. No decision against Carter could prevent the president from doing by other means what he did in this case—although, as I have noted, any such decision would pointlessly restrict the president's freedom of choice. But this case presents a danger that the court will take advantage of the opportunity that Goldwater has provided to *enlarge* the president's powers—by holding, for example, that the president is *never* required to secure congressional approval before terminating *any* treaty. Many who believe that President Carter stands on firm constitutional ground in this case would not welcome such a holding—a holding which, of course, would be the very opposite of the result Senator Goldwater seeks.

Lawrence H. Tribe

Lawrence H. Tribe is a professor of law at Harvard and author of *American Constitutional Law* (Foundation Press).

Chicago's new mayor-to-be is a modest sort of rebel.

Machine Woman

Chicago

Two hours after Chicago's astonishing mayoral primary showed that Jane Byrne had overturned the last of the big city Democratic machines, Byrne telephoned one of the late Richard J. Daley's loyalists. From her highrise apartment overlooking Lake Michigan on the city's north side goldcoast, she reached Alderman Vito Marzullo, a veteran of Daley's dirtiest battles, in his flat in the remnants of Little Italy just west of the loop. Marzullo was one of the first Democratic party lieutenants to join the lock-step parade for Michael A. Bilandic, the machine mayor who had just been upset. "Vito," Byrne said, "I'm calling you because you're the dean of the City Council. I want peace in the Council and I want you to help me." Amazed, Marzullo said, "I'm deeply flattered." Byrne then kidded the old-timer: "Vito, I didn't like it when you guys raised the price of votes from two dollars to

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five dollars." Marzullo replied, "Honey, let's not talk about that." Marzullo probably wondered if his former adversary knew something about how he delivered so heavily for her opponent while similar wards went to her. The next morning, Marzullo became the first official of the Cook County Democratic party to endorse Byrne.

That earthy exchange helps explain how the slightly built woman who took on City Hall virtually alone could knock over the rugged, corrupt all-male political machine in macho Chicago. Byrne, age 44, was tougher than Bilandic, who is 56. She butted heads with Bilandic from the start of her campaign 11 months ago and never let up. When she kicked off her campaign, she accused Bilandic of being the leader of "an evil cabal of men" who usurped the Daley machine. She never criticized Daley, though. Instead, she virtually elevated him to sainthood. It was Daley who recruited her into Chicago politics from President John F. Kennedy's campaign. Daley appointed her as the city's commissioner of consumer affairs, a job Bilandic booted her out of after she turned on him. Daley named her honorary co-chairman of the otherwise all-male 180-member Cook County Democratic Central Committee. This ruling body of the machine never accepted her, and forced her out of her honorary post after Daley died in December 1976. Byrne was the first prospective Chicago mayor to go to a beauty shop after election night. But as Roman Pucinski, formerly a US representative and now an alderman, put it, "If she smoked cigars, she would not be a great deal different from the committeemen" of the machine.

Byrne's conversation with Marzullo also indicates where the new Democratic nominee wants to take Chicago if she wins the April 3 municipal election, as expected. She doesn't want to dump the men of the Daley machine; she doesn't want to dismantle the party organization. After the election Byrne said, "I'm a Democrat. I never campaigned against the Democratic party." She wants to work with the elected Democratic committeemen from Chicago's 50 wards and from 30 suburban townships in Cook County. She said, "the Bilandic machine is dead" and now she must "bring together true Democrats." Her Irish Catholic roots are not much different from the roots of Chicago's four Bridgeport mayors going back to 1933. She understands the coalition first put together by the city's first democratic machine mayor, Anton J. Cermak. Cermak was killed in 1931, three years into his term, by a shot aimed at Franklin Roosevelt.

The day after election, Byrne showed she understood what goes into the machine coalition. Sitting home in her blue bathrobe, she started making conciliatory calls to key people in the city's fabric. Her first that day was to A. Robert Abboud, president of the First National Bank of Chicago and the city's most politically astute businessman. Abboud bailed out Daley's budget with a loan when the federal government withheld funds to

drawing of Jane Byrne by András Goldinger

pressure for affirmative action in the police department. Abboud then became a vocal suporter of Bilandic. Abboud is a gutsy public figure in a LaSalle Street financial community that prefers grey anonymity for bankers. Byrne also talked to William A. Lee, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, AFL-CIO. Lee, the titular leader of Chicago labor and a cog of the Daley machine, later said labor would support Byrne.

Byrne had virtually nobody in the city's establishment during her campaign. Bilandic had the support of every notable businessman, the largest unions, and the city's three daily newspapers. Abboud moved like a flash from Bilandic's inner sanctum on election night to Byrne's side the next day. When some embittered ward committeemen talked about trying to find a way to put a regular party candidate on the April 3 ballot, Abboud snapped to someone in political circles, "the time to have gotten the juices flowing was before the election. This is Alice in Wonderland." In public Abboud stressed that he didn't want to take sides between Byrne and her major opponent next month, Republican Wallace D. Johnson, 52, an eccentric investment banker who has had difficulty raising funds and mounting a campaign. But three mornings after the election, Abboud led Byrne into a breakfast with the city's top corporate executives. Later that morning, a moist-eyed Bilandic appeared before the city's biggest businessmen at what was supposed to have been a victory luncheon, and took a tasteless roasting from the executive director of the Chicago's Association of Commerce and Industry.

The establishment had been a target in Byrne's campaign. She said it was too cozy with city hall. An analysis of the vote, of which she got 51 percent and Bilandic got 49 percent, showed that Byrne won because of three factors: disenchanted blacks on the city's south and west sides, disaffiliated liberals and

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middle-income families on the north lakefront and angry ethnics in Pucinski's northwest side neighborhood. Byrne received a greater proportion of black votes than any black candidate ever had. She picked up more of the vote in the liberal neighborhoods than did former alderman William Singer, an anti-Daley liberal mayoral candidate, in Daley's last race. And she picked up almost as large a chunk of the northwest side vote as Pucinski did when he challenged Bilandic two years ago.

"I didn't win the election," Byrne said. "Bilandic lost it." She recognized that her underfinanced campaign didn't attract votes as much as Bilandic's blunders chased voters to her. Byrne's campaign reported raising only around $100,000, most of it in loans from her and her family; Bilandic raised more than one million dollars. The most visible blunders came about after record snow and record sub-zero temperatures immobilized the city. The voters kept Daley in office for 21 years because of the city's reliable basic services such as garbage pickups, street cleaning and public transportation; as long as the streets were clean, the public let Daley do anything else he wanted to. He was reelected in 1971 and 1975 by wide margins, even after scores of alderman, policemen and even a former Democratic governor were put behind bars. Byrne's commercials used Daley's voice from an old tape calling her "one of the most competent women I know" and stressing her theme: "I'll get the city working again."

While Byrne kept punching away, Bilandic couldn't seem to get his campaign off the ground. He kicked it off tardily with a television commercial showing his new wife, Heather, pleading for support. Other commercials featured him and Heather, a north side socialite he brought to Bridgeport, strolling through crowds at some innovative summer recreational projects. Bilandic, a former alderman who lived with his mother in Daley's Bridgeport until recently, never connected with Daley's corps of precinct captains; he delegated his politics to Daley's former patronage chief. At one rally, Bilandic caused precinct captains to giggle when his voice cracked into a Mickey Mouse falsetto as he compared criticism of his handling of the snow to the crucifixion of Jesus, the suffering of Jews in the holocaust and the overthrow of Iran. He stopped campaigning for a week near the end of his campaign to be at the side of his dying mother.

Byrne conceded some of her vote was protest. After the election, she thanked blacks in a visit to a meeting of the Reverend Jesse Jackson's Operation PUSH. Jackson was one of the few prominent people who gave her any support before the primary. Jackson said he would vote for Byrne, but stopped short of a formal endorsement.

Another indication that Byrne plans to seek a broader coalition than the hidebound regular Democrats have had recently is her defense of her chief campaign strategist, Don Rose. Rose is an old Daley antagonist who has been fighting the machine since before Daley's rise to mayor. Widely known nationally in radical political circles, Rose ran public relations for Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in Chicago and was a prime mover in the protests that inspired Daley's police to beat and gas protesters at the 1968 Democratic National Convention. Rose, whose idols are Trotsky and Malraux, has a shaky political marriage of convenience with Byrne.

The day after the election, some of the machine politicians whom Bryne was courting for support called for her to get rid of Rose. Rose quipped that he wasn't interested in a city post but, "The thought of running the butcher shop for several weeks is very exciting." Byrne refused to fire Rose. But some of her aides indicated he would have a lower profile in the campaign. Risking rebellion of regulars, Byrne said there is room in the party for Rose, "If only to stir up things." She stressed there is room for "extreme liberals" and intellectuals, as well as regulars.

Since the election, Byrne has said she wants to keep the party's 25,000-plus patronage machine together. But she also has repeated campaign pledges to give public employees collective bargaining—a move that could undermine patronage. Her biggest challenge will be to keep the political machinery together with all the diverse elements that supported her.

National publicity about the upset has destroyed the myth of Chicago's invincible machine. But Daley's reputation as a maker of presidents was long overrated. The only president he deserves credit for making is Kennedy. Daley's public delivery of an uncommitted delegation just before the national convention swung the nomination for his fellow Irishman; in the close election that fall, Illinois's stolen vote put Kennedy over. But since Daley took office in 1955, Illinois has only carried for one other Democrat, Lyndon B. Johnson, and the national Republican debacle—not the Chicago machine—was responsible for that.

Daley's failure to deliver Illinois for Carter in 1976 against former president Gerald Ford estranged the White House from Chicago's city hall. As the Carter administration became more politically sophisticated, the pragmatic Chicago city administration built ties to the White House, despite the strong sentiment for Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy in Irish-dominated Chicago. After the mayoral election, Carter made a boo-boo by calling Byrne and offering to intermediate between local party factions. Cook County Democratic party chairman George Dunne snapped, "Carter should stick to his own business." Meanwhile, Byrne took time out to talk to Senator Kennedy, the brother of the man who drew her into politics.

Basil Talbott Jr.

Basil Talbott Jr. is political editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times.*

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Grey Eminences, X.

A Diplomat for the Eighties

by John Taft

The decline of manners and good taste since 1914 is a sad development, but among a certain set it is considered something worse, amounting almost to a scourge. *Goût*, for them, is the font of all progress and bad manners will destroy civilization. Perhaps the *doyen* of this set is George Kennan, a retired diplomat who has written 10 books and dozens of articles on Russian and American foreign relations. In fact, Kennan is being called a father both of the cold war and of revisionism. "I have always been regarded by the United States establishment as an oddball," he purrs, "and I *am* a strange mixture of a reactionary and a liberal. In this philosophical sense, I do consider myself a lonely person." The truth is less complicated. Kennan's first loyalty belongs to the establishment of a century ago—1880—and that loyalty lies behind every twist and turn of his thinking.

Not that this invalidates his views. Far from it. Good historians need a point of reference, and one could do worse than Kennan has. His problem lies in being too mystical, too vague, about his bias, and yet too rigidly controlled by it. Kennan's rather Eurocentric concept of civilization stresses literature and the arts, which included the art of diplomacy until communism and democracy destroyed it. Democracy, he tells us, has been as oversold as Marxism: "The taste (what the French call *goût*) for democracy is geographically and historically limited." He admires England and Japan for their gentlemanly deportment in international relations. Even more, he admires the old German aristocracy and probably would have found his spiritual home in the Bismarckian second reich.

Except for a short stay in Germany, Kennan, born in 1904, spent his childhood in Milwaukee, then went east to college in 1921 and after graduation joined the foreign service. Just as a Fitzgerald novel had lured him to Princeton, his decision to specialize in Soviet affairs was influenced by a book—specifically, an exposé of the Siberian prison system written by his cousin in 1888. A politburo member later told Kennan that this famous work, a sort of *Gulag Archipelago* of the Czarist era, had greatly impressed him as a young revolutionary, but it evidently made a more lasting impression on the young Princetonian. He still feels that Russia's disagreeable qualities—despotism, secretiveness, brutality—were easily recognizable before the revolution. Since Marxism does not motivate Russia, we should understand that country as the diplomats of old Europe did and treat it as a rational and cautious animal. Kennan sounded anti-Soviet in 1945 and sounds soft-line today, because America's line changed, not his own.

Until the State Department brought him home after World War II to explain Stalin's behavior, Kennan was posted mostly in Germany and the Soviet Union. He attended the University of Berlin for his Russian training, where he took much the same curriculum that had once been required by the Czarist universities; he brought these studies up to date while serving in Latvia and Moscow. Kennan did his job with almost morbid persistence, sending home long—and entirely ignored—memoranda on the parlous condition of Europe. His wartime correspondence with another Russian expert shows how stifled he felt working for a bevy of artless bureaucrats. Russia's confrontation with the West, he wrote from Moscow, would develop from a concern for security, not from Marx-inspired aggression. Therefore, America could best deal with Stalin by agreeing temporarily on respective spheres of influence in Europe. Charles Bohlen, replying from Yalta, preferred to stress the ideological challenge: a cynical arrangement was unsuitable for a democracy, nor would it stop the Bolsheviks from making trouble in Western Europe later. Bohlen outlasted Kennan in the foreign service by 16 years.

Kennan lasted long enough to alert Washington to the neo-Czarist menace, but soon he decided that his advice had been misused. He wanted political containment in Europe and Japan, not military containment all over the world. After the success of the Marshall Plan, even an Atlantic alliance seemed excessive to Kennan. When Secretary Marshall began organizing NATO, Kennan retreated to the hospital with an attack of stomach ulcers; he returned to find that his objections to NATO had been ignored. If we act with restraint, he argued, the division would heal, restoring Europe to its 19th-century state of nature. "The retraction of Soviet power from its present bloated and unhealthy limits is essential," he said later of Eastern Europe. Kennan followed the German tradition of seeing nation-states as organisms, diseased or healthy in body or spirit wherefore US troops in Germany would aggravate an illness by creating a medicinal dependency. His theory assumed Soviet conservatism, a weakened ideological drive, an inability to digest more colonies.

Dissatisfied by Secretary Acheson, Kennan left the

John Taft is writing a book on American diplomats since World War II.

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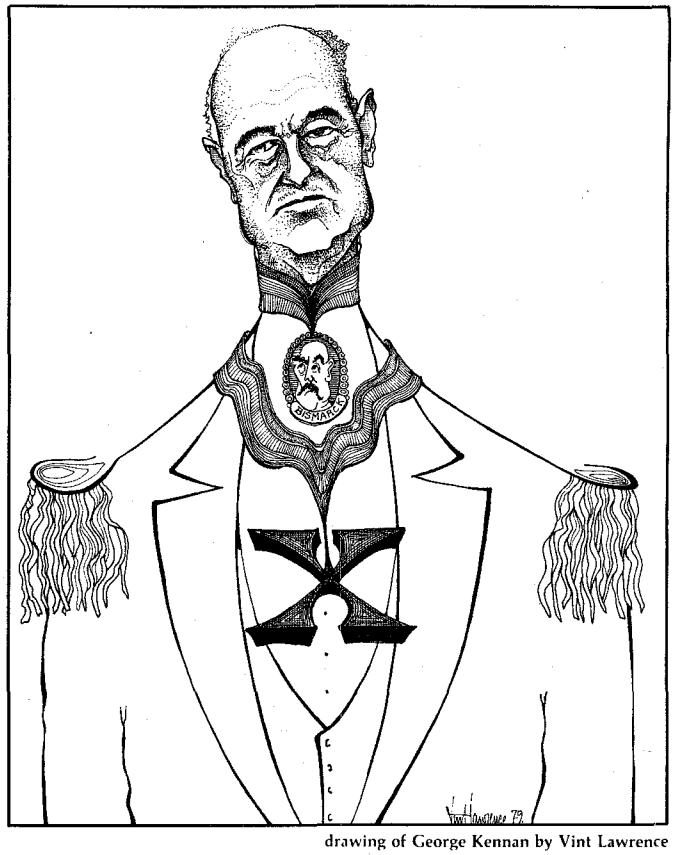
foreign service in 1950 on a "sabbatical" of research and writing. In a tart valedictory poem, he compared the State Department to a queen bee, still unfertilized by his fecund ideas. And it is true that he suffered some rude rebuffs during the next few years. Bohlen helped persuade him to return to Moscow as ambassador, but he found Stalin's insults even harsher than McCarthy's: "I am particularly puzzled by this anti-American campaign—this extreme case of whipped-up hatred. I don't know, I just don't know what the Russians are driving at. What can the real reason be?" Before he could answer, Stalin declared him *non grata* in the USSR. Then Secretary Dulles dismissed him entirely for opposing more aggressive methods of coping with the Kremlin. Bohlen, who felt the same way, had kept much quieter about it. He replaced Kennan in Moscow soon after Stalin's death.

Many historians, such as Kissinger, nurse a secret desire to change history, instead of just researching it. Kennan appeared for a while to be the exact opposite. He moved from Washington to Princeton, where he produced an authoritative account of *Soviet-American Relations, 1917-1920.* And yet, strangely enough, this has been his only published work of scholarly research; the rest of Kennan's output is comprised of derivative histories, memoirs and commentaries aimed at pushing the political intelligentsia toward his point of view. Deeply attached to the foreign service, he continued to repine over it: "I was rather dropped. . . . I like to be in or out. . . . If they don't want me, I'll stay out . . . turned to scholarship because I had to find some honorable profession." So he stopped trying to fertilize the State Department and began to criticize Dulles, causing newspapers to describe him as Stevenson's foreign policy expert. For a warmed-over monarchist, Kennan certainly enjoyed great popularity among liberals, who noticed only his moderate line on communism. Indeed, this line sounded so soft that Stevenson finally had to reject it during the 1956 campaign.

A year later, Kennan also unsettled Western Europe by revealing, over British radio, his personal remedy for Soviet power. America and Russia should restore Europe's traditional balance and permit a neutral, united, demilitarized Germany. In exchange, the USSR might agree to repatriate her vast armies, an arrangement which, after all, had satisfied the Czar Alexander III and Bismarck. Kennan seems to have felt that Europe, East and West, could flourish around the core of a beneficent fourth reich—any other system was inorganic. Most westerners felt otherwise. The French hated any suggestion of a united Germany; others said American withdrawal would leave them dominated by the Red Army, no matter where it was stationed. In Bonn, there occurred a parliamentary clamor in which even Willy Brandt denounced the idea. Kennan quietly suffered another attack of ulcers and entered the Zurich hospital in a state of nervous exhaustion. To this day, he remains bewildered by it all: "I cannot tell



drawing of George Kennan by Vint Lawrence

you how amazed I am at the power of 'little Europeanism' in Western Europe. People in Europe are *attached* to the idea that Europe ends at the Elbe! They love it!"

Perhaps they do so with good reason. At least the problems of Kennan's beloved 1880s—a partitioned Poland, an overpowerful Germany, a continent too complex for confederation—have been solved. Kennan underrated the stability of postwar frontiers, though he did make one good point. West Europeans could make themselves much less dependent on American help if they were not too lazy and selfish to try. We serve as their unpaid barbarian mercenaries. This suggestion struck a raw nerve over there—and it still does, whenever he repeats it.

Under John F. Kennedy, who had a weakness for anti-Dulles eggheads, Kennan served briefly as ambassador to Yugoslavia. Although still nostalgic for the Austro-Hungarian Empire, he was a logical choice for that post. He had perceived, sooner than most, the significance of communist disunity. Even so, none of the players met his expectations of Victorian statesmanship. Marshal Tito, at the time, was being a loyal Communist and Kennedy, as always, a bourgeois politician. And the other politicians in Washington were positively being peasants. Ambassador Kennan urged senators to respect "what the German historian Meinecke described as the 'priority of foreign policy'" and lower tariffs for Yugoslavia. Congress eventually did so, but Kennan already had resigned—they had not acted with grace and style.

His voluntary retirement from diplomacy seemed to

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fortify Kennan's self-confidence. On the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, he took sweet revenge on an old antagonist by helping Stalin's daughter to come and live in America. Professor Kennan was "like God to me," Svetlana Alleluyeva declared, creating such a scandal in the Kremlin that they all but accused him of abducting her. During this bizarre episode, his memoirs were published to international acclaim and Kennan reached the peak of a literary reputation.

A word should be said about Kennan's literary style. He takes a childlike pride in it, and rightly so, for it has every virtue of elegance except one—precision. Readers can find whatever they want to find in phrases such as "the tone of our own national life generally," phrases which used to exasperate his governmental superiors. His epigrams are irrefutable: "Forms of government are forged mainly in the fire of practice, not in the vacuum of theory," and "We must be gardeners and not mechanics in our approach to world affairs," etc. But the general effect conceals the essential point that Kennan is cut off from contemporary reality.

On the reality of our national life, he sounds more naive than cold-hearted: "Material plenty is really there for almost all of our citizens who are not too lazy or too improvident to seek it." His chief mentors on American history seem to have been John Quincy Adams and de Tocqueville. As for the third world, Kennan thinks our anti-colonialism was foolish. We should send full-rank ambassadors only to important countries, not to the southern hemisphere. That is how it was done in 1880.

Kennan captured worldwide headlines in 1966 with his testimony on Vietnam. We shouldn't be there, he told the Senate, but since we were, we must "dig in and wait." Don't escalate, but don't withdraw either—just retrench and start negotiating. He amended this impracticable advice in 1968, when he urged a rapid pullout.

The controversy of detente has restored him to the public eye. The Soviets have no more ideological clout, he says, and their strategic buildup is defensive. Except for nuclear and naval arms, "the outside world, and particularly, the United States, would have little more to fear from Russia today than it did in 1910."

Kennan feels that detente was oversold, yes, but we must still pursue it. Right-wing anticommunism, having outlasted bolshevism, is destroying SALT. Although the GULAG system continues "in a subdued form," we shouldn't worry about the persistence of certain Stalinist institutions: "Institutions, as Tocqueville pointed out, are only the frameworks; what is important is *les manières*."

His view of the West is a more gloomy one. In his first book, Kennan asked whether crudity was inevitable in American diplomacy; in his latest book, he concludes that it is. Therefore, we must cut our foreign involvement to the bone. The United States has nothing to teach the world anyway, considering "its own self-indulgent permissiveness: its drugs, its crime, its pornography, its pampering of the youth, its addiction to its bodily comforts, its rampant materialism and consumerism." Some inactivity abroad might help us to clean up the mess at home.

Europe remains at the center of Kennan's spiritual world. He and his Scandinavian wife make frequent return visits there from Princeton. And every visit seems to lower his opinion of West Europeans, whose fear of the Warsaw Pact is "almost hysterically overdrawn." If they would only pull themselves together, they could deter Russia without nuclear weapons or American help. As for the prospect of Finlandization, we cannot defend Europe against its own cowardice and selfishness.

So Kennan stands by his old arguments. One big mistake he will admit—that he greatly underestimated West Germany's ability to become a coherent, stable nation. But he clings to the absurd Gaullist notion that Russia would accept a neutral East Europe for a neutral West Europe. Telescoping history, he exaggerates the nearness of both past and future. He resembles what his old friend Chip Bohlen once said about General de Gaulle, who "realized that Soviet Russia was inherently a malignant power, but since he did not worry about the threat of Communist ideology, he did not see the degree of danger that we did. He was mistaken. Fifty years from now he might be right."

In short, Kennan refuses to comprehend the unreasoning politics of the present era. One might ask him a reasonable question. If the Victorian system was so great, then why did it collapse? Perhaps he will suggest an answer in Volume II of his *Franco-Russian Alliance of 1894*, to be published this summer at Princeton. After 20 years, Kennan has returned to pure scholarship, where no doubt he should have remained.

His frequent statements on foreign policy continue to inspire editorials on his clairvoyance or senility—and his good manners appear quite unaffected by it. He seldom stoops to personal criticism. While praising Marshal Shulman, he declines to comment on Zbigniew Brzezinski. And when Kosygin's daughter, soon after the Alleluyeva affair, made some disparaging remarks about his scholarly objectivity, Kennan responded to her rudeness with a gentlemanly silence.

Coming:

John Osborne with Carter
in the Middle East.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Well-Organized Labor

Films begin at the place where most reviews don't: the screenplay. *Norma Rae* (20th Century-Fox) is an exceptionally good picture, heartening in several ways, shining with several talents, but its values begin with its script. Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr., husband and wife, have been writing films since 1947 (he has also done some producing), among them *The Long Hot Summer*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *Hombre*, *Hud* and *Conrack*. Through that list run one or both of two concerns: social themes and the South. Whatever Hollywood *gelée* has lapped their work, their scripts have usually shown atmospheric intelligence, an ear for kinetic dialogue, and a motion toward important troubles. Now, responding to a magazine article by Henry F. Leifermann, Ravetch and Frank have written an original screenplay about unions in the South. And that script provides a pleasure rare in films: it moves us about matters that concern us intellectually.

Possibly Ravetch and Frank know Monicelli's wonderful film *The Organizer* (1964) which deals with a labor organizer in Turin at the turn of the century. *Norma Rae* is about a labor organizer in a Deep Southern town today. (No state is named. The credits thank the Alabama Film Commission for its help.) But outside of an initial similarity—an organizer arriving in a community and meeting at least as much hostility from the workers as from the bosses—*Norma Rae* is on its own. It's set in the summer of 1978, and if that is not merely a title tacked on toward the end of work on the film, the script was set in the future (given the time it takes to make a picture). But the Ravetches were safe. The subject, say the papers, is still very much with us.

To a one-industry, sleepy, Baptist town comes an organizer who is a sharp, very experienced New York Jew, named Reuben. Norma Rae is a young woman who works in that one industry, a non-union textile mill, along with her mother and father. She is a widow with two small children, one of them begotten subsequent to her husband's death (in a barroom brawl). The contrast between her and Reuben is neat but credible. He comes from a "lefto" family (his term), reads poetry, loves Chinese food and opera and poker, has a fiancée named Finkelstein who is a labor lawyer. Norma Rae is not a reader and is virtually untraveled. What they recognize in each other is guts. The action of the story is how he wins her over, against distrust and resentment-cum-envy, to become his chief ally in organizing the mill; and how, in a way, she moves past him to take over the fight. The victory, when it comes, is not overwhelming, but at the end when Reuben and Norma part—he is off to his next assignment—we are convinced that two different beings have enriched each other.

The town life, the pride, the xenophobia, the anti-Semitism are all painted in boldly. The best quality of the script, structurally, is that it often seems headed for cliché and almost always avoids it, by the simple process of sticking to life, not movies. Reuben and Norma Rae do not fall in love, don't have an affair, never even kiss; in fact, she marries another man during the course of the film. When Reuben and Norma Rae go swimming nude, they do not end up coupling on the bank, nor are they spied on by an enemy who makes the scandalous most of an innocent act. The scene in which Reuben is beaten up by the boss's hoods or by unnerved townsfolk does not occur. (Reuben knows his labor law and knows just how far the employers are prevented from interfering, knows what he is permitted to do.)

The script has bumps, though. Norma Rae's husband, a new one at that, is somewhat easily understanding about the time she spends away from him and the kids, too comprehending of her status as "free woman." I wish it weren't a volume of Dylan Thomas that Reuben has with him and lends Norma Rae. The fact that it's poetry is too poetical. It would have been much sounder, for both of them, if the book had been, say, James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* or Studs Terkel's *Working*. The relations between black and white in the picture are not unruffled but still seem too smooth; no one, even in anger, uses the word "nigra" or "nigger." These elements give the picture a touch of romance.

But the truth of the picture overrides it. *Norma Rae* seizes us with the truth that, despite what we all know about fatcat unions, despite the advertising campaigns about union tyrannies, a great many working people in this country are still tyrannized in other ways. And—perhaps the film's greatest romance but a necessary and thrilling one—*Norma Rae* shows that, at least within the frame of limited objectives, heroism is still possible, which means that hope is still possible. What will happen after the union is voted in is another, possibly less heroic story; but this step had to be taken, and the taking of it is heroic. Ravetch and Frank are not responsible for what happens after the

Films Worth Seeing

Autumn Sonata. Still here. Still the best around. If you've seen it, see it again, and see an even "bigger" picture.

California Suite and *Comes a Horseman*. Chiefly because of Jane Fonda in two very different, beautifully realized performances.

The Deer Hunter. Much excellent acting, some good direction. A serious, if imperfect, attempt to examine male-bonding in a small town and in the Vietnam war.

Superman. Could have been better, still there's some fun, and Superman himself is pleasant.

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picture ends. It seems a bit much to ask them to justify the whole of human life, to give existence itself a *telos*. It's enough that, in one small arena, they have dramatized a good fight being well fought.

For much of their professional lives, Ravetch and Frank have worked with one director, Martin Ritt, and that association has now given Ritt the film of his career—his 19th film at the age of 65. He, too, has always been interested in social subjects. (He had political troubles in the 1950s and in 1976 made a poor picture on the McCarthy era, *The Front*—not written by Ravetch and Frank.) Here Ritt has combined the skill of a veteran with the excitement of a young man, as if he had come down a long road to get this chance and the chance itself had wiped out the troubles of the journey. Occasionally the wide screen seems to be burdening him, not helping him; or the hand-held camera seems an obeisance to "documentary feel" rather than really essential. Sometimes, particularly with the use of a wide factory floor as a landscape, there's a seeming reminder of *The Organizer*. But if he is not a unique stylist, his use of the camera is reticently right most of the time. His use of noise is powerful. For instance, we hear a solo work song under the credits; the camera picks up the mill machines; the song cuts off and the noise slams in. And Ritt's handling of crowds is like a series of grand gestures.

His best strength is, as always, his work with actors. He is an experienced actor himself and it shows: remember Carol Burnett in *Pete 'n' Tillie*, Jon Voight in *Conrack*, Cicely Tyson in *Sounder*. Here Ron Leibman plays Reuben, the bone-worrying terrier of an organizer and, with Ritt's help, gives his least self-centered performance, with the most concentration on the authentic moment. In one effectively written speech, Reuben describes to a workers' meeting his grandfather's funeral, which was attended by 862 members of the union the old man had helped to found. Leibman really rides it out—the flourish of oratory pressed into the service of something greater than self-display.

But the picture stands or falls with the performance of Norma Rae. It stands. Cheers—cheers from the heart—for Sally Field. I've never before found her even particularly engaging: a pooch-jawed girl who traded on scrawny sexiness and half-baked coy humor. Ritt saw more; confided in her; built her confidence; helped her, not to change but to find *more* of her self (I would guess) than she knew she had. We watch this sassy but dispirited, dissatisfied but resigned, beer-swilling, backseat-humping Norma Rae move to a realization that what had been nagging and depressing her was the buried knowledge that she was better than her life; we watch her move to a beginning of living her life better.

Sally Field in *Norma Rae*

Many, many moments make us cry, but one will surely be remembered best. Norma Rae is being ejected from the mill, discharged at last for copying an illegal notice that has been on the bulletin board. As men escort her out, she grabs a piece of paper, scrawls large on it the word UNION, jumps on a table, and holds the sign aloft in the middle of the huge room full of deafening machines. Slowly, one by one, the workers shut down their machines—into an eloquent silence.

Yes, it's theatrical; and no, I don't know whether it could ever really happen like that. But the truth of it is true, and so is the truth's dramatization. This moment, like many others, is a resurgence of 1930s militancy but with a poignancy, with the knowledge of what has happened since the 1930s both inside and around the labor movement, thus with a knowledge of how complex *and* valuable such a resurgence is.

In the past three or four years we've had documentaries about workers like *Harlan County, U.S.A.* and *Union Maids*. But it's been a long time since an American fiction feature has touched the subject. Ravetch and Frank and Ritt have persisted in caring. And let's not forget that they were backed by 20th Century-Fox. I don't think that a big studio suddenly turned philanthropist, but a chance was taken and that fact ought not to be scanted.

Books Considered

The Confederate Nation, 1861-1865
by Emory M. Thomas

(Harper & Row; $15)

For at least two generations various schools of interpretation have been writing of the Reconstruction period as a revolutionary experience. Progressive historians, old-school Marxists, neo-abolitionists, New Leftists, black nationalists and even some conservatives have taken their turn at the analogy. And for the most part it *has* been an analogy, though frequently it was expanded into an outright identification—Reconstruction as revolution, American style, with most of the classic components and phases.

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Depending on their outlook, the analogists have hailed their "revolution" with a wide variety of approbation or disapprobation.

The analogy has collapsed of late, deflated by perhaps the most thoroughgoing revision historians have worked in recent years upon the interpretation of any period in our history. Their point has been how essentially nonrevolutionary and conservative Reconstruction really was, how thoroughly it subverted radical aspirations and betrayed the hopes of humanitarians and freedmen. In the face of such revisionism, the talk about the revolutionary experience of Reconstruction has subsided.

Now comes Professor Emory M. Thomas, with a hat full of paradoxes up his sleeve, to present the Southern Confederacy, of all things, in revolutionary terms. Among other books on Confederate history, he published some essays in 1971 entitled *The Confederacy as a Revolutionary Experience.* The present book is no repetition of that, for it undertakes a history of the whole complicated subject. We shall return to an assessment of that undertaking later. But first a look at the underlying thesis that inspires Thomas's reinterpretation.

Like the revolutionaries of 1776, those of 1861 believed they were dissolving a Lockean compact that had come to subvert its original purpose. They were exercising their right of revolution after years of propaganda as their fathers did by secession and independence. They sought liberation, not conquest. That was good preparatory propaganda, and Jefferson Davis repeated it in his inaugural address, but he promptly disavowed the term "revolution" as an "abuse of language" because the new government's purpose in overthrowing the old government was to preserve the status quo, the Southern way of life, unchanged. He was saying that the day of radicals was past in this nonrevolutionary revolution. It was to be a revolution by conservatives for conservative purposes. The Confederacy was to be the incarnation of the Old South and its whole antebellum ideolgy and mythology.

What the conservative revolutionaries (including President Davis) soon discovered was that before there could be a "bellum" South there had to be a metamorphosis of the antebellum South, that the old ideology was incompatible with the nascent nationalism, and that the Confederate South had to achieve an identity apart from that of the Old South. The changes that the Civil War demanded of the South, its economy, its society, its ideology and its self-image, were far more drastic than the changes demanded of the North. Here was a preindustrial, prebourgeois society faced with the demands of a mass-industrial war that even the industrial North was ill-prepared to meet. The sudden transformation of a preindustrial into an industrial economy and reorganization for total war may indeed be described as a "revolutionary experience" without too much strain on the term.

Lacking a real class of industrial entrepreneurs, the South had to rely for the most part on preindustrial men for management as well as for labor. Virtually skipping the entrepreneurial stage of development, the Confederates plunged immediately into government-owned or controlled industry. The war industry in fact remained almost exclusively under government control, with incredibly few men in charge. The draft law and power of exemption extended government control over labor, and the War Department had de facto power over railroads. All this was done under an ever tightening blockade that made self-sufficiency and improvisation everyday necessities.

The Confederate record of achievement under these conditions is impressive. In a remarkably short time Alabama was producing four times more iron than any state in the "Old Union," including Pennsylvania. The gunpowder factory in Augusta was the largest on the continent. The Navy planned 150 ships and produced a third of them, including 22 ironclads and the first effective submarine. "Where three years ago," boasted Josiah Gorgas, head of the Ordnance Bureau, "we were not making a gun, pistol nor a sabre, no shot nor shell [except at the Tredegar Works in Richmond]—a pound of powder—we now make all these in quantities to meet the demands of our large armies." There were failures and shortcomings, to be sure, especially in railroad maintenance. But oddly enough the most critical failures of this agricultural society were in food. General Lee ran out of butter before he ran out of guns. Even so, according to Professor Thomas, "the supply agencies of the War Department practiced the nearest thing to state socialism to appear in the nineteenth century."

Accompanying these revolutionary innovations in their economy came subtler changes in corporate identity. The national character grew more Confederate and less Southern. The old passive status quo antebellum gave way under conscription, taxation, martial law and impressment, and the traditional individualism yielded to mass pressures and military organization.

Jefferson Davis and his commanders. The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

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Cities grew and masses of population shifted back and forth. People changed their ways of regarding themselves and each other. Social ferment and new opportunities altered class relationships and heightened class consciousness among yeomen and workers. "New people" came to the top, not always gentlemen. The election of junior Army officers was one of many democratizing influences. Disaffection broke out in bread riots, strikes and draft resistance, and class resentment of the have-nots helped to inspire disloyalty. No worker revolt materialized and the planter class maintained its hegemony, but there was more social ferment and challenge to the elite than before the war and for years thereafter.

One of the basic myths of the old order shaken by the turmoil was the romantic self-image of cavalier and belle. Confederate women climbed off the pedestal and entered military, government and industrial work heretofore the province of men only. They became farmers, planters, clerks, factory workers, hospital nurses and heads of households. If the antebellum Southern belle was a virtuous ornament and unapproachable object, "the Confederate ideal was considerably more earthy." She might lapse into the old role on occasion, but she would never be the same again.

Save for a minority of black Southerners, freedom came after and not during the war. They mounted no mass slave revolts, but they and the whole institution of slavery felt the impact of the wartime experience profoundly. Old interdependencies of paternalism began to dissolve under scarcities and the absence of masters. As mistress or younger sons replaced absent master in authority, the master-slave relationship changed. Thousands of slaves were hired by army or government and other thousands were moved about the land beyond the reach of invading armies. Even more entered cities for long periods and the urban atmosphere in wartime especially was never the best for slave discipline. The Confederate experience served to undermine the very institution it was launched to protect.

The most dramatic alteration of the antebellum ideology by the Confederacy came on the issue of slavery itself. The idea of arming the slaves and making free soldiers of them was seriously debated at high levels and in the press for some time. It was in effect a debate over the South's entire racial attitude. Howell Cobb put it plainly: "The day you make soldiers of them is the beginning of the end of the revolution," he said. "If slaves will make good soldiers our whole theory of slavery is wrong." But the issue as President Davis saw it was whether slavery and social mores were dearer to the Confederacy than national survival and independence. Davis chose independence and urged Congress to recruit blacks and give them freedom. General Lee backed the idea publicly and so did other officers. Congress finally voted to arm slaves but not to emancipate them. Davis by executive order authorized both recruitment and freedom, and the first black company of Confederate troops soon appeared in training. It was too late. The sacrifice of the last remnant of Southern ideology to the Confederate cause was not enough.

Professor Thomas's emphasis on the revolutionary aspects of the Confederate experience serves several useful purposes and is on the whole justified. Historians have been too much inclined to see the South's war for independence as an extension of the old order and essentially part of it. They have looked to post-war history, to Reconstruction and the New South to find the sources of social change and the beginnings of the region's break out of its preindustrial past. Thomas has demonstrated that we should have begun the search for the origins of change further back, in the Confederacy itself.

The space and emphasis devoted to what he calls the "positive" aspects of the brief Southern nationhood, however, come at a cost. In a book of limited space in which he undertakes to cover so much, he has to neglect somewhat certain "negative" aspects. These include the stubborn, irrational resistance by the states rights dogmatists, the fanatical opposition to the central government, the incorrigible individualism of troops, the defiance of conscription and impressment—in short the whole anarchistic rebellion of the Old South against the "revolutionary" Confederate experience he so well describes. These movements have been overemphasized by his predecessors, who have held that the Confederacy "died" of one or another of them. Perhaps he is justified in playing them down, but they do belong in the picture and deserve more attention than he was able to give them.

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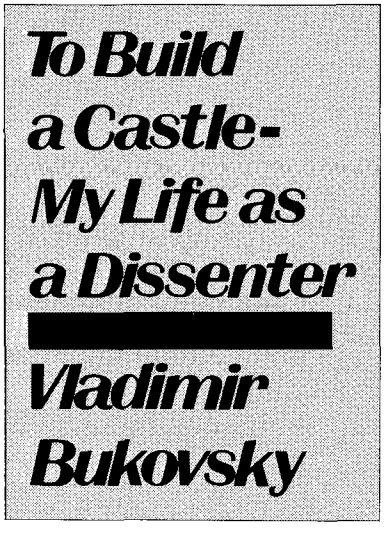

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Weighed against the merits of the book as a whole, however, this criticism is minor. We have for years needed a serious scholarly, readable work on the Confederate nation that rounds up modern scholarship and offers a fresh and detached view of the whole subject. This work fills that order admirably. It was not an easy thing to cover in 300 pages the lifespan of the Southern adventure in independence from the founding of its government to the death throes of the republic, especially when its history includes the greatest war ever fought in the western hemisphere.

The usual solution has been either to shirk the military history or to subordinate everything else to the war. Thomas does neither, nor does he segregate military affairs from other events. Instead he sensibly and deftly integrates the course of Southern military fortunes with the concerns that shaped them and were shaped by them. In doing so he also manages to convey a sense of how the war itself deteriorated from something spirited and gallant to something base and mean and modern on both sides.

One of the gifts the author turns to advantage is a skill at brief characterization. Rarely does he mention a person of any significance without a knowledgeable introduction that adds life to his pages. This touch stands him in good stead in his treatment of domestic politics as well as foreign affairs. If he encounters complaints from his readers about his brevity on most subjects he can take comfort in the reflection that they want more. It is one mark of a good book that it whets appetites.

C. Vann Woodward

C. Vann Woodward is professor of history emeritus at Yale University.

Ultra Goes to War
by Ronald Lewin

(McGraw Hill; $12.95)

Piercing the Reich: The Penetration of Nazi Germany by American Secret Agents During World War II
by Joseph E. Persico

(Viking; $14.95)

To read these two books together is to take a short course in military intelligence. Lewin's book tells about the Allied breaking of German ciphers—called "Ultra" from its supersecret nature—and its effect on World War II. This feat has rightly been called "the most important sustained intelligence success in the history of human conflict." Persico's work relates how the Office of Strategic Services, the predecessor of the CIA, sent spies into Hitler's Germany. The dedication of the spymasters and the bravery of the agents is unquestioned. But the results were almost trivial, practically not worth the effort.

The pattern laid down then persists today. Spy reports stand second to technological data—communications intelligence and satellite photography—in the secret information presented to policy-makers: the technological material is usually harder, cheaper, fresher, more voluminous, and more trustworthy than spy reports. Men believe pictures and intercepts. They doubt spy reports. They fear that the agent may only report accurately just to lure his recipient into a trick. This shortcoming has led intelligence agencies to use spies mainly to suggest targets for the other means of collecting intelligence.

In a sense, the eclipse of the spy—the replacement of man by machine—constitutes the Industrial Revolution of intelligence. The process really began in the great watershed of World War I. The only thing strange about it is that it took so long to be recognized. Perhaps the chief causes of *this* cultural lag were the novels of Eric Ambler, Ian Fleming and John LeCarre.

Like their books, Persico's is a good read. He spins an exciting tale. A good example is his story of the OSS's DUPONT mission. Headed by a tall, good-looking former California dentist, Lieutenant Commander John Taylor, the four members of the group—the three others were anti-Nazi Austrians—parachuted in October 1944 onto the marshy eastern shore of the Neusiedlersee, a shallow lake southeast of Vienna. "The untimely call of marsh birds sounded in the night. The members of the DUPONT team were sounding their prearranged rendezvous signal." But as they were burying their parachutes, the airplane that had dropped them made a second run, trying to drop supplies that had gotten stuck in the bomb bay. This alerted the Germans: "Searchlights stabbed the darkness and red-orange busts of anti-aircraft fire illuminated the sky. . . . DUPONT's arrival on enemy soil had been announced with fireworks and flashing lights." Meanwhile, "the parachutes bearing their radios were floating down onto the calm surface of the Neusiedlersee."

The team spent much of its time moving from one town to the next to avoid arrest. Taylor observed signs of construction of a major defensive line, but without his radio he was unable to report it. An attempt to send a sympathizer to another OSS team failed. The Austrian members sought contacts to get shelter and help. These brought only temporary assistance. And finally a gamble failed: a potential contact betrayed two members of the team to the Gestapo. They were arrested, and soon afterward Taylor and the other man were seized after a savage struggle in the hayloft where they were hiding, and were sent to the Mauthausen death camp. Taylor survived to testify at Nuremberg.

Persico has pieced his story together from excellent sources: mainly documents from the OSS files and some of his 86 interviews. (Had he footnoted his facts, his work would have been a much better source for historians.) He has fleshed out his fast-paced tales with details of the technical side of espionage—the forged documents, the "legends" invented for the agents, the communications techniques, the problem of recruitment. And he has given admirable sketches of the often

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colorful spies and spymasters, many of whom later became prominent in the CIA and in other sectors of American and European life.

What came out of all the effort he vividly describes? What great secrets of the Reich did the OSS spies discover?

Very few. Their reports dealt with the observable minutiae of military movements and installations. The HAMMER group reported from Berlin that the Klingenberg power plant was operating and that one railroad marshalling yard had 26 freight and 18 passenger trains. The GREENUP team reported the departure of trains for Italy via the Brenner Pass—enabling the US 15th Air Force to destroy virtually an entire convoy. Another agent reported the movement of a German army headquarters and the location of ammunition dumps; his intelligence too "put bombers into the skies." But none of these dealt with high matters of state, none revealed any of Hitler's top secrets. Though one anti-Nazi in the German Foreign Office came to the OSS on his own with helpful intelligence, the OSS never recruited and never inserted the classic kind of spy, the agent-in-place.

If the informational level of the reports was low, so was their volume. At the end of 1944, the OSS had a total of three agents inside Germany. All told, it inserted only 200. The most fecund team sent back 52 messages. In the end, OSS spies contributed no vital intelligence to the Allied war effort. Perhaps nothing demonstrates this better than the report—not mentioned by Persico—that the head of OSS passed to President Roosevelt during the frightening Hitler onslaught that became the Battle of the Bulge. It was an analysis of stories in Swiss newspapers.

The origins of American spying needed recording, and Persico has done a fine job with it. The trouble is, it didn't matter.

What did matter was Allied codebreaking. Four years ago, Group Captain Frederick W. Winterbotham stripped the veil from this longest kept and second greatest secret of World War II (after the atom bomb). But his book, *The Ultra Secret*, epochal though it was, was largely a memoir, with all the limitations of that genre, and it incorporated several serious mistakes. Now Ronald Lewin, a British military historian with several books and a major prize to his credit, corrects and completes the story in this fascinating work. Michael Howard, Chichele professor of the history of war at Oxford, is right

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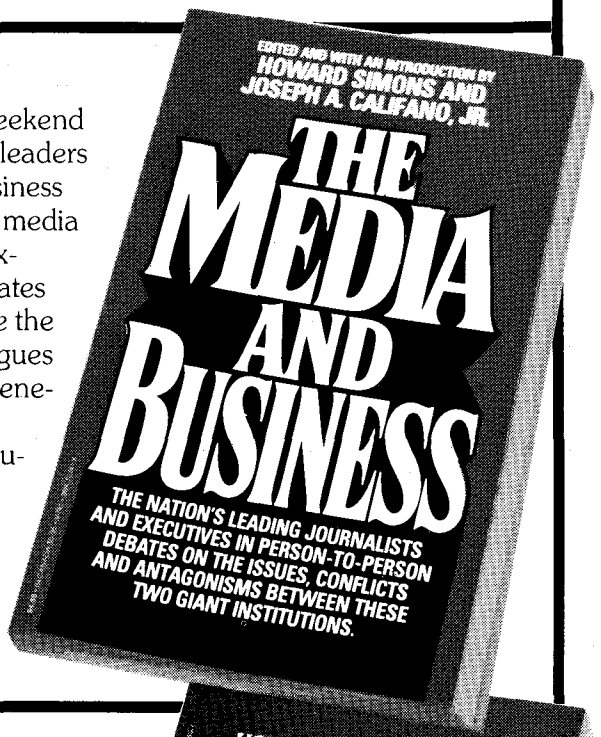
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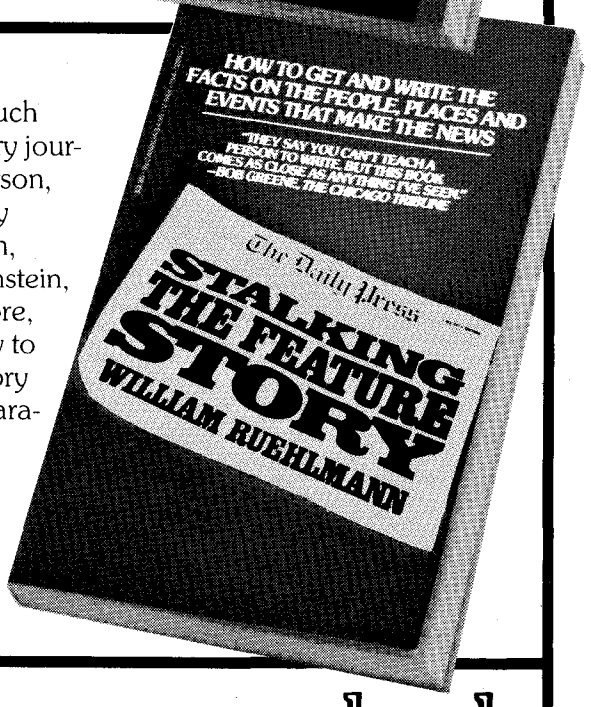
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when he says that this is "perhaps the most important book to have appeared on the Second World War since Chester Wilmot wrote *The Struggle for Europe* a quarter of a century ago."

Ultra Goes to War recounts the story of the work of the 10,000 British codebreakers and assistants and details the effect of their output on the war. Housed mostly at Bletchley Park, an ugly Victorian estate surrounded by temporary wartime structures in the exurb of Bletchley, about 50 miles northwest of London and equidistant from Oxford and Cambridge, they formed a galaxy of genius that in its breadth and brilliance has probably never been equaled before or since. Chess grandmasters, mathematicians of renown, novelists, poets, classicists, physicists, publishers and other businessmen, editors, soldiers and WRENs worked around the clock to solve cryptograms in Germany's top ciphers, translate and evaluate the results, and pour them out in a stream of hundreds of messages a day to high commanders in the field, to the chiefs of staff, to Churchill. The intercepts included the orders of and reports to Hitler himself. What a contrast in insight and in volume to the meager results of the spies! And what a difference they made to the conduct of the war!

In one of his most dramatic episodes, Lewin tells of the impact of Ultra upon the battles in the Normandy hedgerows. At the end of July 1944, a massive British offensive that was to shatter the German front and clear the way for an American breakout had thrown the Germans into disarray. On August 2, the breakout began, with the Americans streaming through the narrow Avranches gap. The next day, Hitler radioed his western front commander that

> *the armored divisions which have up to now been employed on that front [the one facing the British] must be released and moved complete to the left wing [opposite the Americans]. The enemy's armored forces . . . will be annihilated by an attack which these armored formations—numbering at least four—will make.*

The Allies intercepted this order and made their preparations. Lewin tells how the American commander and his air corps chief stood with their Ultra intercepts in their hands and grinned at one another and said, "We've got them!" And they had. When the German counterattack was launched on August 7, the Americans checked it before the sun stood at its zenith. It was, Lewin writes, "a model example of Ultra's power to guide a brilliant commander all the way to victory by supplying precise foreknowledge of the enemy's intentions." During World War II, and even World War I, only technological means furnished information fast enough and with enough certainty to make possible victories like that. No spy ever has.

In addition to serving as an ideal case history for technological intelligence, Lewin's book may also serve as a model of how to write about intelligence in general. For unlike so many writers on this subject, who all too often seek to show how secret information alone has won victories, Lewin repeatedly emphasizes that not intelligence but men, weapons, and willpower win them. This imparts a verisimilitude, a balance to his book that makes it much more truthful and much more useful.

Ultra Goes to War also corrects for a wide audience two major canards that Winterbotham inadvertently originated and others have broadcast. One is that Churchill deliberately sacrificed Coventry by not warning the city of a German air raid he had learned of through Ultra because to do so would risk exposing the priceless secret. Lewin cites documents and interviews to show that this is "a monstrous distortion." The other falsehood is that a spy in the German Enigma cipher-machine factory betrayed the secret of the device. This deprives of their rightful credit three young Polish mathematicians who in the 1930s cryptanalyzed the Enigma. Lewin restores to them the honor of having made one of Poland's great contributions to mankind.

His book has, however, a few flaws of its own. All are minor. He follows Winterbotham in ascribing a central role to Ultra in the Royal Air Force's defeat of the Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain. But people who were working on Luftwaffe intercepts at the time have said recently that this is an exaggeration and that, when the documents are examined, Ultra's role will probably be found to be distinctly minimal and inferior to that of radar. Lewin is sometimes harsh on the American cryptanalytic organization, though its solution of the Japanese PURPLE cipher machine was never equaled by the British. US Chief of Staff George Marshall called the intercepted PURPLE messages of the Japanese ambassador in Berlin "our chief basis of information regarding Hitler's intentions in Europe." Lewin omits all this. He skimps the critical role Ultra played in sending ships and planes directly to where U-boats were to sink them, though Churchill called the Battle of the Atlantic "the dominating factor all through the war." The book all too rarely cites the specific

THE ROOM

A man is sitting in a room made quiet by him.
Outside, the August wind is turning the leaves of its book.
The door is open, everything is disclosed, each leaf, all the voices.

The man is resting from the making of the quiet in which he sits.
The floor is swept, his books are laid aside open, his eyes are open.
All the leaves and voices are outside in the restless wind.

Soon he will rise, or take up a book, or someone will enter;
Or, perhaps, a leaf will come in across the threshold, or a voice
Will blunder through the room, blind and unanswerable on its way elsewhere.

But now the room is quiet as the man has made it.
Everything in its place is at rest inside the room.
And the man is at rest, seeing each leaf, and hearing all the voices.

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source of a fact, thus unnecessarily diminishing its value as the work of reference it is sure to become.

The greatest disappointment in *Ultra Goes To War* is in the writing. The style is workmanlike and clear, but it is flat. At the moments of great victory, when the human mind triumphs over the Gordian intricacies of a cipher, or the Allies satisfyingly rout the forces of evil, the soul cries out for a thundering climax, for a crash of cymbals and a blare of trumpets, to set the seal on a magnificent achievement. Lewin doesn't provide it, and the reader will feel the lack.

This is regrettable. But it is, after all, not essential. Michael Howard declared that "all historians must now read what Lewin has to say before putting pen to paper." He is again right. *Ultra Goes To War* will long remain fundamental in the historiography of intelligence and of World War II.

David Kahn

David Kahn is the author of *The Codebreakers* and *Hitler's Spies* (Macmillan).

Turgenev: His Life and Times by Leonard Schapiro

(Random House; $15.95)

Ivan Turgenev was tall, foppish; he spoke with a slight impediment. He was called by one friend a "gentle giant" and by another, a "soft pear." Once he acted in a drawing room skit in which he made fun of himself as a coward.

But Turgenev was not a coward. He was a writer in the Russia of Tsars Nicholas I and Alexander II, a Russia so repressive that writers and a handful of other intellectuals were the only people who dared to think about public issues at all. At first questions of politics and society could not be talked about openly, but only by analogy, as if they were problems of philosophy or art. Later the repression eased a little, enough so that political opinions could be voiced aloud. But they could be squeezed past the censor and published only if they were disguised—if they were spoken by men and women in novels or conveyed in their attitudes. It was in this environment, where the momentous problems confronting Russia could be discussed only in literature, that Turgenev chose to be a writer.

Turgenev did not, as some critics have supposed, choose art over politics. To the contrary, Turgenev cared deeply about political questions; and, in any case, in the Russia of his day, he could not have avoided them. In his six novels and his many short stories and plays, he drew his characters from among his contemporaries and made their dilemmas precisely the dilemmas of socially and politically aware Russians of the 1840s to mid-1870s.

What Turgenev did, however, was choose art over partisanship. To the task of creating character he brought a genius for combining objectivity with compassion. So great was his compassion that he actually "loved" (his word) his nihilist hero Bazarov, in *Fathers and Sons*, while disagreeing altogether with his views. And such was Turgenev's objectivity that he bestowed weaknesses and human failings on his characters on both sides of the political barricades, a fact which led Russian literary critics of his day to accuse Turgenev himself of being weak and uncommitted.

The watershed year was 1861, the year of the emancipation of the serfs. After that, the lines were drawn more and more sharply between political conservatives, who felt things had gone far enough, and a rising radical movement led at first by nihilists (a word invented by Turgenev), then by populists, then by terrorists. This was also the year in which Turgenev's most famous novel, *Fathers and Sons*, appeared. Turgenev himself said of the reception of this novel that only two people understood it—one of them was Dostoyevsky. After 1861, when Russian intellectuals were increasingly seeking refuge in extremes, publication of any new story by Turgenev was the occasion for passionate eruptions of anger by radicals and reactionaries alike. It appeared that nothing Turgenev wrote pleased anyone. To have continued to write in such a setting, to have done so with impressive fairmindedness and to have retained, almost alone among his countrymen, the capacity to see both sides—all this required courage of a very high order.

But the accusations that he lacked courage and commitment rankled with Turgenev and, in 1860, he gave a speech called "Hamlet and Don Quixote," in which he made a parable of his dilemma. Turgenev argued in the speech that those who could do most for Russia were its Don Quixotes, men and women who, unself-questioning though they might be, nonetheless had faith in an ideal to which they were capable of giving themselves wholly. He contrasted the enthusiasm of the Don Quixote with the skepticism of the Hamlet who, mired in self-contemplation, was incapable of committing himself to a cause.

As he described Hamlet's hesitations, Turgenev appeared to be berating himself, yet the speech has an undertone of confidence that belies its apparent message. For Turgenev knew very well that it was the Hamlet in him that was the artist, the Hamlet who, as Turgenev described his own purpose, could "drag into the open the essence of Russia"—hold up before the Russian people a living mirror of themselves so that they

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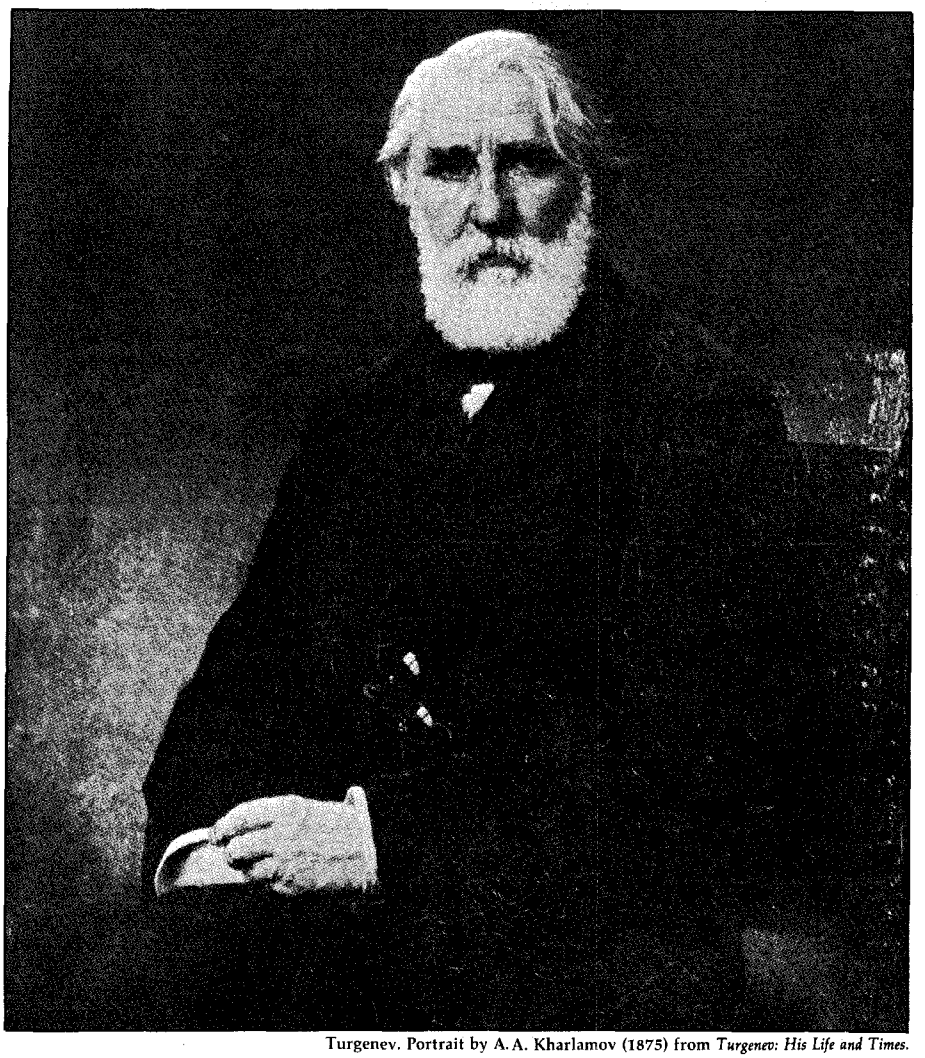
could make enlightened choices. And Turgenev, who was a superb prophet, saw that his country's danger was not that, Hamlet-like, it would engage in endless self-contemplation and "lose the name of action." Rather, the danger was that it would plunge headlong into action while failing to understand itself or the cause for which it was acting. Russia needed its Don Quixotes; it needed its Hamlets as well.

In his biography, *Turgenev: His Life and Times*, the British scholar Leonard Schapiro subscribes to the familiar view that Turgenev was a coward. This is one of Schapiro's few comments on Turgenev's personality, for in his preface he defines his goal as that of documenting the life, while leaving it to the reader to decide what sort of man Turgenev was. Schapiro has been as good as his word. He has made meticulous use of work by pre- and post-revolutionary Russian scholars on Turgenev. He has apparently read nearly all of the 7000 letters Turgenev left behind, including unpublished letters to Pauline Viardot, the Spanish-born opera singer with whom Turgenev fell in love in 1843 when he was 25 years old, and to whom he remained devoted until his death in 1883. Schapiro scrupulously chronicles Turgenev's many visits with Pauline and Louis Viardot at their country place in Courtavenel, France, in London, in Baden and in St. Petersburg. But the account is disappointing. Schapiro tells us everything about Turgenev and Pauline—except what they felt for one another.

Schapiro is also reticent about where Turgenev looked for models or how he learned to be the stylist he became. This omission is regrettable, since Turgenev had no real predecessor to whom he could look in Russia (Gogol's *Dead Souls* and Dostoyevsky's *Poor Folk* appeared before any of Turgenev's major work, but neither served him as a model), and it is not too much to say that Turgenev was the inventor of the modern Russian novel. But the reader is given no hint as to where Turgenev summoned the elegant ease with which he opened and closed a story, set a scene, and permitted a character to reveal itself. Nor does Schapiro speak, except in passing, about Turgenev's miraculous use of the Russian language or the descriptions of nature which, for those who can read them in Russian, have something of the quality of Virgil's eclogues or the sonnets of Keats.

What Schapiro has given us is a curiously outward biography of a kind more suitable for a statesman than for a writer. Political historian that he is, he has written a splendid account of the political and literary fallout of Emancipation. As he recounts the annihilating attacks on Turgenev by the radical critics Dobroliubov and Chernyshevsky, we sense an intolerance so palpable that we understand something of what it must have cost a writer to have breathed in such an atmosphere, let alone to have transfigured it in art.



Turgenev. Portrait by A.A. Kharlamov (1875) from *Turgenev: His Life and Times.*

Turgenev said, "in the fate of every Russian writer there has been a tragic aspect—mine was absenteeism." And it is true that Turgenev spent many of his adult years in Europe, although he frequently returned in the summer to his country place at Spasskoe, near Orel, and spent part of the winter in St. Petersburg as well. Turgenev's absences abroad were not solely a consequence of his attachment to Pauline Viardot. In the embattled atmosphere of Russia they were also a solution to his problem as an artist of perspective.

But the solution had its cost. Just as the attacks on him at home caused Turgenev to doubt his talent, so the sojourns abroad caused him to doubt his knowledge of Russia. Thus, before writing his final novel, *Virgin Soil*, which appeared in 1876, he felt the need to make three journeys back to Russia, pore over documents and spend time in law courts and penal colonies so that he might better understand the young generation of revolutionaries whom he portrayed in the novel.

It is a pity that, attractive as he has been to Western critics, few if any have brought to Turgenev the brilliant and sympathetic vision which Turgenev himself brought to the characters he created. For the observer with the eye of Turgenev would long ago have seen that it required a man of very great courage to have chosen, as Turgenev did, the ambiguities of his own nature over the absolutes which Russia to this day has imposed on nearly everyone who has tried to understand her.

Priscilla Johnson McMillan

Priscilla Johnson McMillan is the author of *Khrushchev and the Arts: The Politics of Soviet Culture* (MIT Press) and of *Marina and Lee* (Harper & Row).

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Arab Politics: The Search for Legitimacy
by Michael C. Hudson

(Yale University Press; $22.50)

All is not well with the Arab world. Mr. Hudson talks of the "grim reality" and from time to time even allows us a peep of it. The essential feature is political: the gap between rulers and ruled is unbridgeable, absolute, deadly. There are a score of Arab states, but not a single one of them has a government sanctioned, participated in or voted for, in any form whatsoever, by the people. In all of them, Lebanon now unhappily included, a change of government is possible only by a *coup de main*, successful plotting or assassination. Stability is therefore illusory.

Now it would be quite possible, never mind honest, for these governments to rejoice in their authoritarianism (or what Mr. Hudson in one of his choice euphemisms calls praetorianism). Their populations, they might submit, are largely illiterate, volatile, tribally inclined and unfit at present and in the foreseeable future for democracy as practiced in the West. In Africa, where this political dilemma is much the same, Idi Amin and Dr. Hastings Banda and the Marxists in Mozambique or Angola, each in their several styles, are open about it: they do not trust their masses and have no intention of converting them into an electorate.

Arab governments cannot bring themselves to be so blunt. They claim to be acting in the name of the people, or of the revolution, when actually they are a clique, a family, a group of officers, in power at gunpoint, and their purposes are entirely self-serving. Institutions of government—sometimes a parliament, sometimes a single party with official opposition outlawed—have been constructed so that all such institutions exist to express only the will of the rulers. The state instruments which matter are the army and security police, "the coercive capacities," in Mr. Hudson's prettiest euphemism. In every Arab country today anyone who seriously opposes his government by deed or word risks being found dead in a ditch—no questions asked.

Why do Arab governments feel the need to lie and dissemble so publicly and clumsily? How has the appalling discrepancy between incantation and reality come to be not just carefully concealed but cherished? For in actual practice, any leader who makes a move in the general interest, as Sadat in Egypt, earns immense popularity. The masses are naturally not deceived by rhetoric about liberation or Arabism or unity when they stand in fear of their lives. The Arabs are lively, intelligent, perfectly capable of seeing for themselves that the latest coup and the freshest slogan will benefit nobody except those who have just brought it off.

Islam has a tradition of leaders who need no authority except their strong right arms. But centuries of decline have unfortunately instilled in the Arabs insecurities about such traditions. First the Turks, then the West, they see, conquered them and therefore proved to be superior to them. In order to restore their standing and pride, the Arabs have had to come to terms with the West, which has meant adapting to Western methods. For 100 years now, the Arabs have been copying everything from army uniforms to triplicate filing systems, importing education and equipment and ideology. For the time being they are unable, indeed unwilling, to jettison their past but unable and unwilling to take on a wholly Western or modern future. The models offered by America and Soviet Russia are technology-based and alien. The Arab states have the appearance of up-to-date societies, but lack the substance. Put simply, unlike the Japanese the Arabs have neither an indigenous symphony orchestra nor the means to build an arms industry. There is no reason why they should have either, unless they believe themselves the worse off without them.

All Arab countries face this intractable question and because of it they have more in common than it might seem from their apparent social divergences. One way or another, all are obliged to forgo in some degree their Islamic heritage but are unable wholeheartedly to accept the new proferred identity. In a political vacuum of this kind interference from without naturally occurs. And opportunists within see advantage in staking claims, in bidding for the support of foreign powers, Arab or otherwise, to advance themselves. But they don't dare say so,

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they must pretend to legitimacy. The damaging public lying begins at this point.

One solution might have been to identify completely with the Western model, as a few Arab leaders argued, though not after the post-1945 cold war started. Others, like the late Sultan of Oman, Said bin Taimur, tried to shield their countries in the hope that all outside influence would simply go away and leave them alone. Hereditary rulers in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the Gulf States, Jordan, have in fact maintained their legitimacy according to Islamic principles, while modernizing superficially or as circumstances dictate, lately with a helpful veneer of petrodollars.

It is easy, or fun perhaps, to label these states feudal or reactionary, and Mr. Hudson sets to with a will. They differ from the Arab republics, however, only in their degree of exposure to the West and the speed with which further exposure is to be permitted. Mr. Hudson admits as much when suddenly out of the blue he draws a comparison between Iraq and Saudi Arabia, which is quite correct because the authoritarian nature of their regimes is the crucial reality for their inhabitants. That one state is run by 5000 royal princes, as in Saudi Arabia, and the other by a gang of army officers from the town of Takrit, as in Iraq, makes little difference. In either case, the peasant does what he is told, as obediently as he knows how.

The Westerner puts himself into Arab shoes only by an act of considerable imagination. The Westerner is well-fed, accustomed to the rule of law; he sleeps safely, sure that public opinion tomorrow will be the same as today. The Arab knows that he is at the mercy of arbitrary power, internal and external, that nothing will protect him except his family, clan or tribe, though he may be able to appeal to the socio-religious values of Islam. Instead of acknowledging these basics, Mr. Hudson, like any crass Westerner, sees the Arabs as people like himself really, in fancy dress to be sure, with customs which are quaint and fossilized. The Arabs, he assumes, want what he wants, namely democracy, equality and social justice. Therefore he feels justified in transposing upon them political terms evolved exclusively in Western contexts. He invents "secular-socialist Arabism" and "conventional centralised, statist revolutionary forms"; he airs "liberal-bourgeois regimes" and discovers such fantasies as an intellectual class in South Yemen. These distended terms, false to the point of meaninglessness, are not merely a consequence of Mr. Hudson's horrible jargon-filled prose. He is committing the sin which he abhors in the imperialists, of condescending to the Arabs, telling them they are just like us, if only they knew it.

What he particularly wishes on the Arabs is nationalism, a Western disease from which they do not yet suffer as unduly as they might. In all the Arab states, he makes nationalism some kind of touchstone. But even in this century the word Arab meant a desert-dweller. The nation-state is not so well-founded in the Middle East; few are loyal to it, and fewer still to anything like Arab unity, witness the alliances and pacts made and broken with cynical expediency. But nationalism is on the billboards, governments try to legitimize themselves upon it in the approved Western manner, and Mr. Hudson swallows it whole. This means that he is also able to state *ex cathedra* that Palestine is a "core-issue" of the Arab world. Of course it is then awkward for him to have to explain why every Arab country without exception has failed to follow through on Palestine. Might the reason

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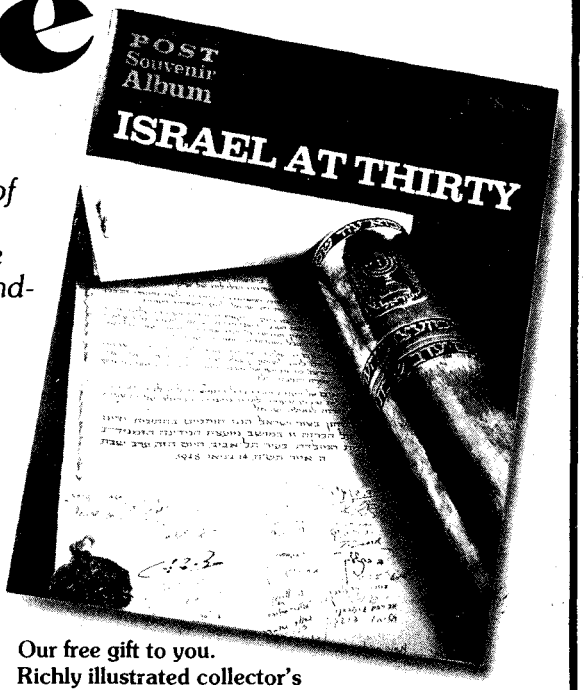

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be that far from being a core-issue the Palestinians have been left in camps or in limbo because nobody cares a rap about them? They are despised for fleeing their country, and hated as troublemakers: that is their tragedy. Claims to be acting on their behalf by Syria, Egypt, Jordan and Lebanon have been proved to be self-seeking—the blood that is shed at the end of these claims is Palestinian.

On the subject of Palestine Mr. Hudson is altogether fanciful. Asserting that the Palestinians were expelled forcibly by the Israelis, he cites as authority an article by Erskine Childers in the *Spectator* in 1961. Actually this article purports to show through a reading of BBC archives that no Arab broadcasts had been made inciting the population to flee. That does not mean that no such broadcasts were made (although I think that was the case). Word of mouth was enough to induce panic once Arab-Jewish fighting had started in December 1947. By and large the Palestinians had no wish to be mixed up in the fighting, either then or now. Nor is it accidental that the Palestinian resistance movement got going only after 1967 when the conventional Arab states had no other weapon with which to confront Israel. From its inception, the PLO was nothing but an instrument of inter-Arab feuding. It is arrant nonsense to say of the PLO, as Mr. Hudson does, that by the early 1970s it was the sole legitimate voice of the Palestinian people. To the extent that the PLO was successful, Palestinians would support it. When in doubt, or when under pressure, the Palestinians as usual remained prudent and gave their allegiance to whichever power was in a position to enforce it.

If somehow Israel were to disappear tomorrow morning, the Arab states would still have exactly the same rivalries and tensions. Cairo, Baghdad and Damascus have had historically separate interests which are unaffected by a phenomenon like Israel—they might hope to exploit it, but that does not make for a core-issue.

As usual, this theory boils down to personal emotions not proper to the historian or social scientist, but to the psychiatrist. Mr. Hudson writes of "Zionist assault" and of how "Nasser gave Israel the pretext it so desperately needed to launch its devastating surprise attack of June 5, 1967" (a splendid figment). So he can judge Israel to be "a predominantly European Jewish settler movement." Men and women driven by despair, with nowhere to turn, could by definition never be settlers of this type. Not just the creator of propaganda, Mr. Hudson is the victim of it.

What then does a book like this want? "The solution is clear. It is the development of meaningful broad-based participation in the political process in accordance with accepted procedures so that government will be more responsive and responsible." But Mr. Hudson has proved, country by country, that such development is inherently and structurally impossible. Wriggling about in contradiction, he saddles himself with the vulgar Marxist view that history marches at a certain pace, the hour has struck for socialism and nationalism, and those who are out of step, "reactionaries," "liberal bourgeois," will have to be drummed out. There is no such march, and if there were, the Arabs have no need to join it.

Contorting reality, he has to invent reasons according to which some of the Arab states will fit into his criteria, others not. So he joins the dawn chorus of the Eric Rouleaus and Jacques Berques and Edward Sheehans who gather to defend new acts of tyranny in the Middle East, in this case notably in Libya and in Iraq—the latter is one of the most Hobbesian countries in the world—while deprecating the one democracy there is in the region, Israel. Ten and 15 years ago books like this were spewed out about Vietnam. There may be anti-Westernism in it, but more salient, to borrow Mr. Hudson's favorite cliché, is the frustrated desire to rule the benighted heathen.

David Pryce-Jones

David Pryce-Jones is the author of *The Face of Defeat: Palestinian Refugees and Guerrillas* (Holt, Reinhart & Winston).

Why Catholic?
edited by John J. Delaney

(Doubleday; $7.95)

There are some 50 million Catholics in the United States; there are 58,000 priests, 130,000 nuns. Nearly 10 million children attend Catholic schools; 400,000 students are enrolled in our 425 Catholic colleges and universities. Church attendance has declined from what it was a generation ago, and fewer young people are entering the religious orders nowadays. But if these statistics are accurate, the American Catholic Church is far from moribund; compared to many of our institutions it appears to be thriving. To find out why, John J. Delaney asked nine prominent lay and religious Catholics why they remain in the Church, a question which concedes what the statistics hide: that there is a crisis of faith among Catholics. The nine have written very personal answers, which don't at first seem to provide material for generalization about the great body of their co-religionists. But the same themes, often even the identical words, recur in so many of the essays that Mr. Delaney must be right: the responses of these nine must throw a good deal of light why there are 50 million American Catholics.

To begin with, most Catholics were born into their faith. Their earliest memories are of novenas on chill spring evenings, of the reverent hush that would fill the church as the Eucharist was raised, of the smell of incense and the gabble of a strange and sibilant language, and always the sense, so rare in secular culture, of being part of a whole, a community that embraced the neighborhood and the world, that included the living and the dead. One does not give this up lightly, this blend of the prosaic and the exotic, the sensuous and the sublime. It leaves a lasting mark on even the lapsed Catholic, perhaps especially on him, or on her. Here is Abigail McCarthy on her Catholic girlhood:

Our ugly church and parish school provided me with my only aesthetic outlet, in the words of the Mass and the litanies and the old Latin hymns, in the Easter lilies around the altar, rosaries, ornamented prayer books, votive lamps, holy cards stamped in gold and decorated with flower wreaths and a saint's

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picture. This side of Catholicism, much of it cheapened and debased by mass production, was for me, nevertheless, the equivalent of Gothic cathedrals and illuminated manuscripts and mystery plays.

So one answer to Mr. Delaney's question is that the 50 million are Catholics because Catholicism is mixed with the roots of their lives. They can renounce the Church for personal or doctrinal reasons, but they can never forget the promise it once extended to them—the promise of happiness, forgiveness and reunion beyond the grave.

A second reason has to do with the Catholic vision of the universe. Andrew Greely puts this vividly when he says that to Catholics, "The cosmos is a love affair, life is a romance whose purpose is the giving and receiving of love." For Catholics:

Good conquers evil (if only just barely), love triumphs over hate (though by a hairbreadth), and life is victorious over death (though only at the last moment).

It is a compelling drama then, with its dark moments, but not a tragedy. Sin and damnation are soft-pedalled, left to the Protestants. Father Greely quotes James Joyce to illustrate the Catholics' relation to Protestantism. Someone asked Joyce if, in giving up his Irish Catholicism, he had become a Protestant. "Good Heavens, sir," he replied, "I may have lost my faith; but I have not lost my mind." I think many Catholics must feel this way when their Protestant friends speak of the dark night of the soul, or the leap of faith, or the baseness of human nature. It all seems too bleak to be true. They have memories of a warmer faith. Sidney Callahan refers to this in her essay when she speaks of Catholicism's "romantic expressiveness and sweetness," which, she adds, "is ever ready to go too far and become sentimentality and superstition, alas."

She is right, of course. There is the danger of spiritual shallowness, of a merely habitual observance, in Catholicism. Yet, paradoxically, Catholicism has in recent times attracted many intellectuals, superstition haters every one. Which brings us to the third reason for all those Catholics: 1) the age of the thing appeals to them, and 2) they value what many people find most objectionable in the Church, its dogma.

In good Catholic fashion I shall take the last of these points first. In his essay, the historian James Hitchcock defends dogma on the grounds that, since it is above history, Church dogma protects Catholics "from the unrestrained enthusiasm of a particular historical period." Dogma says "no" to the Zeitgeist: values deliquesce, traditions crumble, yet it remains unchanged. I for one regret many of the changes the Church has made in its belated efforts to come to terms with modernity. After all, it claims that its dogma is based on a true theory of human nature which holds that we are made of a constant transhistorical stuff, and that this nature of ours mandates that we should live in one way and one way only in order to be happy, or as the Church would have it, to be saved. I think this is false; I don't believe the ends of life can be known, much less legislated, in this way. But I don't want the Church to retreat from its essential inspiration because that would leave the field to relativists like me, and we might do great mischief. I don't want the Church to change its position on abortion, for example, though I think it is wrong to treat abortion as a legal issue, where it has no authority, rather than as an issue of morality, where it has 20 centuries of moral thought to offer. Call it reactionary if you like, but I think we need the genuinely conservative force of the Church in our culture to correct the rational extravagances of those who would lead us qualmlessly into a brave new world.

I mentioned 20 centuries of thought: add science and art, add St. Peter's and Chartres, add Petrarch, Cervantes and Santayana, in short add the tradition of Catholic culture and you have the fifth reason so many of us are Catholics. We like, as Candida Lund says, "the company we keep." It's a good bunch; it's an old bunch; T.S. Eliot even thought it was a timeless bunch. He called it Western Culture, and he thought its arsenal of wisdom might someday save Western history.

Balancing the conservatism of the Catholic tradition, yet paradoxically, as socialists like R.H. Tawney have pointed out, also growing out of that tradition is a feeling for the underdog, the poor in body and spirit, the loser and the outcast. John Deedy expresses this eloquently when he writes that:

The Church never lets me forget that God is forever to be found where human suffering is the most pronounced: in family crises, in sickness, in the ghetto, in prison, on the battlefield, at the poor farm, along the soup line.

This is the part of the "Catholic imagination," in Andrew Greely's phrase, to which I feel closest. I was raised with an odd set of beliefs. I was told that the poor were better than the rich because they were poor. I was also told that it was a damn shame they were poor, and that any society that did not care for its poor was heartless and cruel. I was taught that material goods were to be enjoyed, not scorned, but that in order to enjoy them, they had to be shared. Values, I was told, were communal. I was taught that sympathy and kindliness and a sense of humor—especially a willingness to laugh at yourself—were more important than knowledge or success, and so in later life when I read the novels of E.M. Forster I immediately knew why the characters with "undeveloped hearts" had Forster's sympathy: they were damned. I was told that since it was impossible for men and women to practice what they preached—not because they were bad, but because they were weak—the only thing you could do was to forgive them, to understand that they had troubles too. I was taught that life was full of troubles; there was just nothing to be done about that. But if everybody would only reach out and help the next fellow along, help him, as my parents would say, bear his cross, why then the troubles could be borne or gotten through or perhaps just forgotten momentarily in a burst of laughter. Sometimes that was all you could do, my parents told me. You couldn't make the troubles go away, I asked. No, they said, troubles had a way of lasting. That 's why people believed in immortality and the resurrection of the dead, because otherwise life would not make much sense. Oh, something would remain: family and the pride of providing for family, and love and friendship, and working for the right, and for a few people, beauty and truth. But for most people, without the promise of the Church, life would just be troubles all the way down the line.

When my troubles came along, I found that the Church had no answer for them, and since they weren't the kind of troubles I could ignore, I left the Church to find an answer. I haven't found one yet, and if I don't find one soon, and since it does seem to me that life makes no sense if it's troubles all the way down the line, I may go back to the Church. It may be that those 50 million Catholics know something about life that I'm not strong enough to face. It may be that what they're really doing in those churches is helping one another get through it to

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the end, an end which doesn't scare them nearly as much as it scares me, and maybe I could use some of their help to get me through. One thing is certain: if I decide to go back, the Church will still be there, holding out its promise, its answer to the riddle of life and death.

Jack Beatty

Brief Reviews

Co-ops, Communes, & Collectives: Experiments in Social Change in the 1960s and 1970s edited by John Case and Rosemary C. R. Taylor

(Pantheon; $15, $5.95 paperback)

In the early 1970s, a group of New Left activists gathered in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to found a magazine which was to work toward formulating a program for the left in the post-Vietnam era. This anthology features the work of writers associated with that excellent magazine, *Working Papers for a New Society*. Billed as a contribution to the history of a specific "political generation, come of age in the turmoil of the 1960s and trained in the rhetoric of participatory democracy and the 'counter' culture," it attempts to evaluate a range of "alternative" social institutions. Unfortunately, what has made for provocative reading in *Working Papers* makes a thoroughly average and unoriginal book. These writers seem too close to their own historical experience to bring fresh insights to it.

Co-ops, Communes, & Collectives never escapes the flaws of its anthology format. The six case studies which make up the first half of the book are distressingly formulaic. In the flush of a social movement, an alternative institution (fill in: health clinic, free school, underground newspaper, food co-op, urban commune or law collective) is formed. Its members struggle to practice ideals of community, democracy and egalitarianism. Though their alternative challenges the conventional practices of mainstream institutions, it is ultimately dependent on them. And eventually it is subsumed in the very establishment it sought to fight. Nevertheless, the failure of alternatives as a social movement should not obscure their value as fields of alternative experience; they remain havens of choice in a bleak mainstream world. The message of these studies is that true social change can only be small-scale, nurtured at the grass roots.

There is much soul-searching and self-criticism in these studies, but it is nowhere near radical enough. Though they reflect on the shortcomings of the experiments of the 1960s, these writers are caught in the conceptual frame of that time. They posit a sharp dichotomy between alternative and mainstream, counterculture and establishment. That the search for alternatives on the periphery of society may have been a major obstacle to social change is an idea that neither the case studies nor the five essays on "issues" which make up the second half of the book seriously consider, with the notable exception of Paul Starr's "The Phantom Community," a critique of the "radical perfectionism" that ran throughout the counterculture and its institutions.

One source of these shortcomings is the narrow social base from which these writers observe and reflect. *Co-ops, Communes, & Collectives* is most interesting as a document in the social history of what Andrew Kopkind terms that "radical breathing space"—Boston/Cambridge. Four of the six case studies deal either wholly or in part with the Boston metropolitan area. All of them reflect the interests and concerns of the young middle-class professionals who figure so prominently there. Never has a social group seemed so anxious to develop contacts with the working class, and never has a group remained so completely out of touch with it. It is significant that of the potpourri of alternatives offered in this book, not one involves experiments in workplace democracy in a mill or factory.

This is not to trivialize the experiences presented in *Co-ops, Communes, & Collectives*; it is to challenge the adequacy of the questions these writers pose. These experiments in social change deserve more—for starters, a more nuanced understanding of the dynamics of such change in advanced industrial societies. Might not one lesson of the 1960s be that the search for "radical perfectionism" is a dead end? And that the true place for intelligent, sophisticated radicals is not on the periphery but at the center of social institutions, where the imperfect struggle for power is fought in the professional associations, corporations and bureaucracies of the nation?

Robert Howard

Robert Howard is a freelance writer.

Defending My Enemy by Aryeh Neier

(Dutton; $9.95)

In January an Englishman named Robert Relf was brought before the Oxford Crown Court, prosecuted under the 1976 Race Relations Act, convicted, and sentenced to 15 months in jail. His offense was uttering a number of disparaging remarks about nonwhite races, among them this gem: "You can take us niggers out of the jungle but you can't take the jungle out of us niggers." Relf couldn't be tossed in the slammer

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for that remark here in the US. But Americans, who inherited a tradition of free speech from their British forebears, also have inherited a certain ambivalence about extending it to offensive people. It used to be a cliché, particularly popular on the radical left, that if the Bill of Rights were ever put to a popular referendum it would lose decisively. The cliché finds plenty of support in Aryeh Neier's book.

Neier, a former executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, helped in the Nazi Party's 1977 lawsuit seeking permission to stage a march in Skokie, Illinois, a predominantly Jewish suburb of Chicago. For defending the Nazis in this case, which the ACLU won, Neier was rebuked by several thousand ACLU members who quit the organization in disgust. ("Some returned their membership cards, probably not noticing that the First Amendment is printed on it.") He had his office invaded by Jewish Defense League members wielding baseball bats. He got a letter from one man who hoped that "if we are forced into a march someday to some crematorium, *you* will be at the head of the parade, at which time you will in your rapture have an opportunity to sing hosannas in praise of freedom of speech for your tormentors." There is ugly stuff here, but there is also irony: Neier is not only a Jew but the son of refugees from Hitler's Germany who lost almost all their relatives in the crematoria.

He is also a sober, reflective man who scrupulously resists the temptation to well-deserved self-congratulation. Neier makes no apologies for either his client, Nazi leader Frank Collin (whom he obviously despises) or his own belief in untrammeled free speech. Nor does he hesitate to grapple with the serious questions raised by his critics—each of whom he skillfully deflates in his laconic, meticulous manner. A disciple of Milton, who thought that the truth would win in the contest of ideas, Neier lacks his mentor's illusions. But he knows that once one begins abridging people's right to speak, it usually will be the oppressed and not the oppressors who are silenced.

Neier traces an informal history of the suppression of ideas in the US, digressing to discuss the occasions in modern Britain and Weimar Germany when well-meaning prudence has been turned into an instrument of repression. He dramatizes the dangers of trying to ban certain forms of speech by wondering what Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon would have done with powers like those in Britain's Public Order Act, which gives the government broad authority over public meetings and demonstrations. Even with the First Amendment, free speech has been abridged here too frequently, sometimes in episodes almost comically absurd. One man, Neier notes, went to prison under the World War I Espionage Act for telling volunteer knitters, "No soldier ever sees these socks." There is not much else to amuse in this book, but there is much to clarify the issues surrounding the First Amendment, and even more to stir one to its defense.

S.C.

Coming:

Geoffrey Barraclough

on

John Kenneth Galbraith.

Correspondence, from page 7

Kolakowski "recognizes and documents the continuity between the young and the mature Marx and shows how both of them were committed to the rights of the individual." Now this does not square with Marx. He says explicitly in "On the Jewish Question": "The right of man to freedom is not based on the union of man with man, but on the separation of man from man. It is the right to this separation, the rights of the limited individual who is limited to himself" (*Selected Works*). Of course, one may argue that there is a sense of "the rights of the individual" that Marx was committed to in both his youth and maturity. Yet Marx did not speak of individual rights outside of condemning them as they were understood, according to him, within the Lockean tradition. In this tradition Marx seems to have understood by "individual" "an isolated monad and withdrawn into himself," and it is well known that he rejected this idea of human nature, preferring, instead, the idea of human nature as species-being. In recent times the Soviet interpretation of Marx has indeed given rise to a non-Lockean conception of the rights of human beings in the human rights doctrine put forth by, e.g., Vladimir Kudryavtsev ("The Truth about Human Rights," *Human Rights*). But these are by no means individual rights, so they cannot fit where Harrington requires them.

We are left, then, with confusion, because we are being told something about Marx's views that Marx seems, by the only evidence available to us, to disavow. My own experience as a child in Hungary and as a reader of Marx from age 11 until now when I teach Marxist thought leaves me with the impression that Michael Harrington is being far more than generous to Marx. There are aspects to Marx's view that are benign and even encouraging, but where Marx is unique, where he occupies our attention for having made contributions to philosophy, economics, moral theory and political practice—in these areas Marx is more guilty than not, namely of having made possible the emergence of history's bloodiest totalitarian political developments. It is, contrary to what Harrington seems to believe, not enough to have meant well (once in a while).

Tibor R. Machan
SUNY at Fredonia
New York, New York

Singer singing us to sleep

To the editors:

I had to look twice to make certain that it was *The New Republic* I was reading and not a Mobil Corporation ad ("The Oil Crisis That Isn't," *TNR*, February 24). Here it is again—only a matter of government regulation and controlled oil prices. Let the prices rise and we will have all the oil we need, Singer says. Didn't Mr. Singer forget to ask himself a few more questions?

What about a few well placed missiles shutting down Saudi Arabian oil wells for a couple of years or more? What about our and other countries' (including Russia's) *increasing* demand for oil?

We need fewer Singers singing us to sleep. We must *now* accept the fact that oil energy is finite and will run out before the end of this century.

Ben Schiller
Sarasota, Florida

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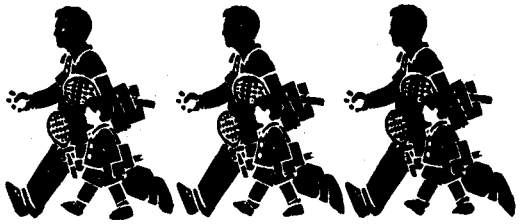

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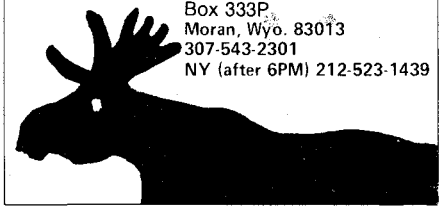

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Washington Diarist

"There is hardly such a thing as a war in which it makes no difference who wins," George Orwell wrote in 1943. "In practice . . . one cannot be neutral." Orwell's ethical judgments are generally sound, but I found it easy to be neutral in the late Sino-Vietnam war. So did some of my friends who usually are eager to choose up sides. After the Cambodians' war against their own and the Vietnamese war against the Cambodians, this most recent venture in intra-communist slaughter of the innocents demonstrates again that revolutionary movements often are imperialist movements by another name. Some readers sent *TNR* nasty mail because we said we were not totally at ease about Peking's intentions toward the Taiwanese. Do any of these correspondents feel now a tug of uncertainty about China's commitment to peace? Congress will go through some motions to suggest that we'd disapprove mightily if Teng Hsiao-ping's troops were to invade Taiwan. But mightily is not with might. What if they were simply to "incur" (that is, start an "incursion") or absorb the island in some other fashion? No one seems to have noticed, by the way, that the new Coke-drinking China still conducts nuclear tests in the atmosphere, which makes that country a unique international outlaw. Such atomic explosions spread radioactive fallout and other matter that used to be thought dangerous when the US was doing its testing. So with the acquiescence of President Carter and Dr. Brzezinski, China visits cancer and genetic defects on the generations. Couldn't the Chinese have been prevailed upon to desist in small consideration for our great favors?

Those who still think there's something in the latest wave of Israeli torture allegations, put out by a former American consular official in Jerusalem and swallowed by the *Washington Post* (see "Torturing the Truth," *TNR*, February 24), might be interested in some passages from the recent biography of President Anwar el-Sadat, *In Search of Identity* (Harper & Row). Sadat recommends phony allegations of torture as a standard technique for those who find themselves in jail. These charges have great propaganda value, they cast a shadow over the judicial process and they dissipate the value of confessions. Perhaps more important, they help explain away such confessions to disgruntled collaborators on the outside. Sadat narrates his own tale of making baseless torture accusations, and persuading others who had confessed to charge torture also, when he was jailed by the Egyptian government during World War II. Israel has the only recognizable judicial system in the Middle East. That system does not include torture.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." The Apostle John was right, not only about the Christian church but about other great world religions as well. There is a difference between a church and a sect: the former is accommodating and inclusive, moved to redeem and save; the latter is narrow and exclusive, inclined to condemn and punish, using intolerance as a measure of ardor. The Ayatollah Khomeini is the self-ordained leader, not of a church, but of just one of several sects of Islam, the Shi'ites. There is no vast spiritual revival arrayed before our eyes in Iran, but an armed doctrine, cruel and confident with the authority of holiness and the rage of the streets. Firing squads are active, prisons filled, dissent smothered, legal rights canceled, family and personal life cut to the designs of an emboldened clerisy. Does Andrew Young still regard Khomeini as a saint?

Others do, including many secular progressives, so-called. The most prominent of these is Ramsey Clark, LBJ's vindictive Vietnam-era attorney general, but a dour penitent once Johnson's war became Nixon's—his earthy Hushpuppies and narrow ties viewed as confirming evidence of the big switch. In 1974, Clark ran as a Democrat for the US Senate from New York against incumbent Republican Jacob Javits. Some friends and I, veterans of the peace and civil rights movements, put an ad in the *New York Times* and the *New York Post* endorsing Javits and criticizing Clark for feebleness of mind and weakness of character. No political act has brought me greater grief from people I admire. But in retrospect it may have been the sagest assessment I've made of any politician. I've just read the minutes of a February 10 meeting convened by the Fund for New Priorities, a heavily Jewish progressive organization. Two of the representatives of the new Iran were the principal speakers. Their mission was diplomatic and they tried their best to still fears about the safety of Iran's remaining 60,000 Jews. Ramsey Clark also spoke, but no diplomacy there. He compared the Jews in Iran with the French in Indochina and the British in Kenya. (As it happens, the Jews have been in Persia since the Babylonian exile after the destruction of the first temple, which is more than a millennium before the rise of Islam.) Clark went on to say that American Jews had been "decisive" and "controlling" in turning the US against the ayatollah, that he can't arrange hearings for Khomeini's emissaries in the Congress and elsewhere in Washington because of the fearful influence of American Jews. And he warned, chillingly: "Neither Israel nor the Iranian Jewish community should have to bear the brunt of what emotional impact this fact might ultimately have." You've heard words like this before, in history from tyrants left and right, latterly from clowns like Spiro Agnew and Billy Carter. But this comes not from such gutter louts, but from Ramsey Clark, American progressive, civil libertarian, stalwart in all the good causes. He is a dangerous crank.

The Nation magazine celebrated its 114th year with a dinner addressed by then US Senator James Abourezk. I wrote before this event that Abourezk had been asked specifically not to talk about the Middle East. Just to bring you up to date, he kept to the letter of his instruction. But in his rambling remarks he said that "*The New Republic* has become nothing more than a house organ of a foreign power." By foreign power he meant Israel. (A house organ is an internal publication so we know that Abourezk doesn't use words carefully. But what politician does these days?) Now I would have thought that the folks associated with the *Nation*—remembering the McCarthy era and all that—would be more sensitive about this tool of a foreign power stuff in reference to other people's exercise of their first amendment right of free expression. To be sure, there were some hisses from the audience. But everyone on the platform was silent, including the vigilant I.F. Stone, whose remarks followed Abourezk's. Now Abourezk is out of the Senate, scared off by near-certain defeat or lured out by the prospects of big money. He's become a registered representative of Khomeini's Iran. "I think they're great. I supported the revolution," he asserted in his typically reflective style. No house organ he, but a real, paid foreign agent.

M.P.

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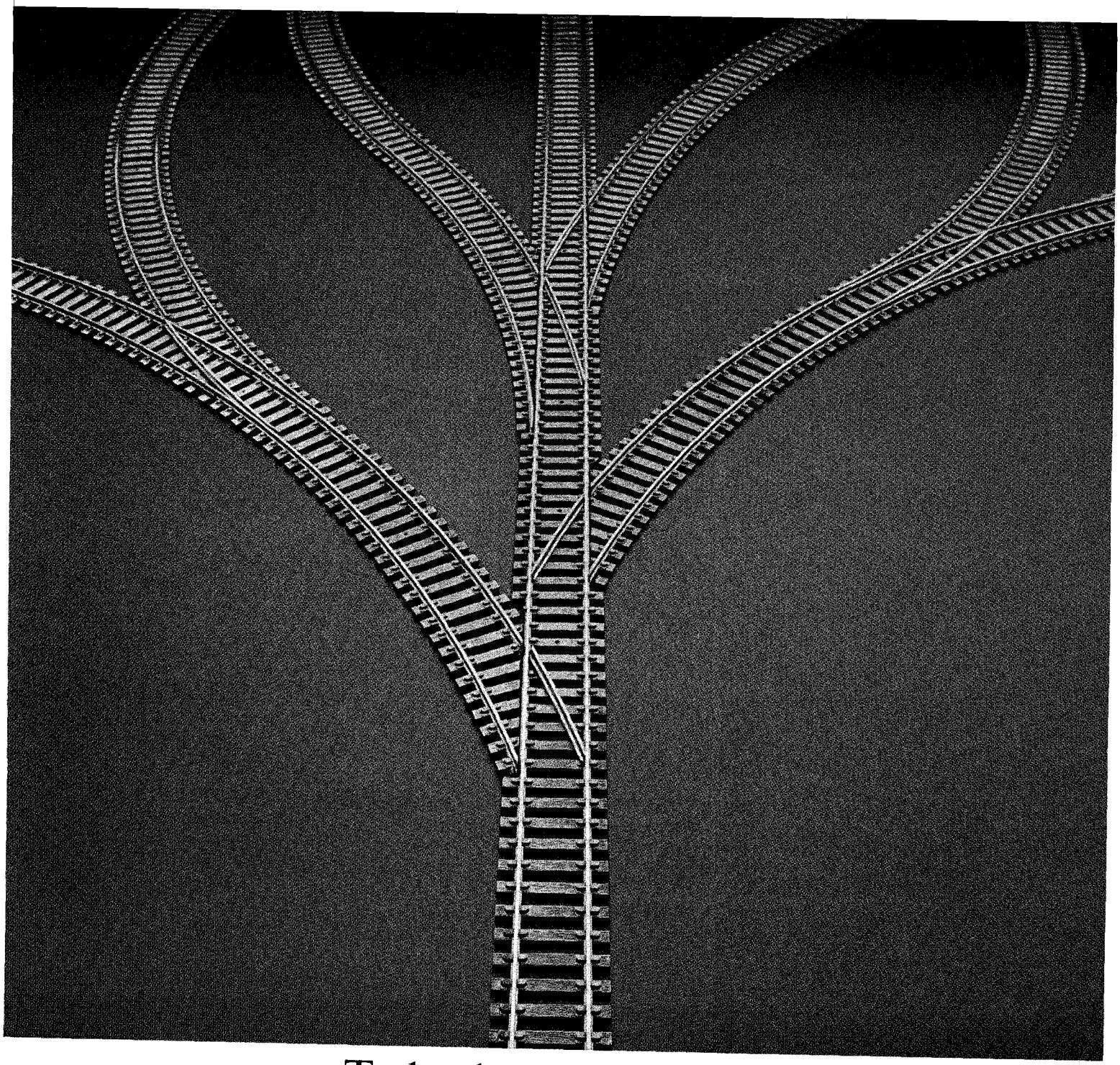

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